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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

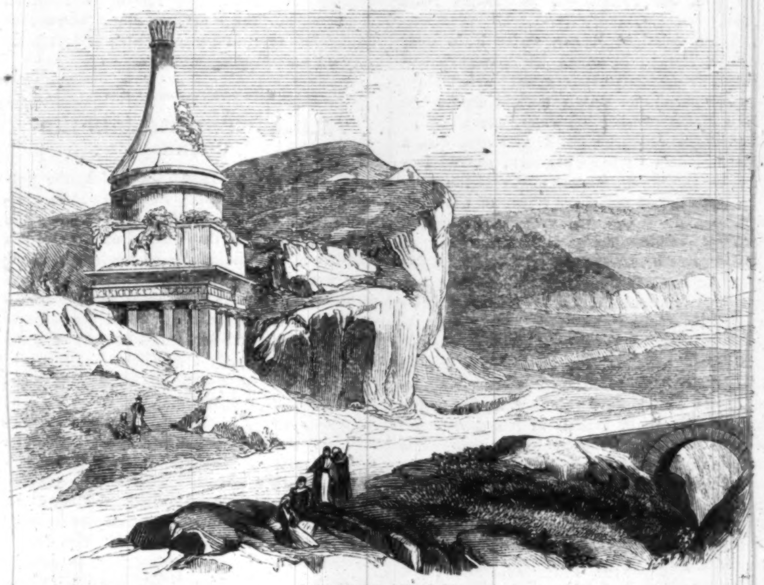
No. VII.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Return to Jerusalem.—A Morning Interruption.—Arab Voices.—The Pasha wants to see my People.—He sees them.—The Pasha's House.—The Temple Site.—The Pool of Bethesda.—Desolate Jerusalem.

I CAME back to Jerusalem four days ago. I found that Mr. Warren had been unnecessarily alarmed. Miss Alice was, in fact, better than I have yet seen her. They are still here, and also some Englishmen, who stalk around the city walls with eye-glasses in their eye-sockets as if they were inspecting a place offered for sale—and, faith, they are not so far wrong. Jerusalem is just now understood to be in the market, and her owner, the Sultan, is hard up, and wants cash. "A fine property, and offered at a ridiculously-low figure!" But Englishmen will never buy it, that is very certain.

The morning after our return had scarcely broken over the Eastern hills when a terrible noise among the servants awoke me, and I ran out, without waiting to dress, to know the disturbance. Three of the resident Pasha's officers, with a dozen soldiers, had seized on Sheik Houssein and his men, my cook, and, in fact, all of my retinue that they dared lay hands on. You are aware that Franks are protected by treaty from arrest in Turkish countries, except by their own consuls or consular agents. It was vain for the guard whom Steenburger had thrown into the vault to attempt any complaint against my friend; but he could reach us through our servants, and the lying dog had complained of them as accessories to the assault. Hence those cries. I have no doubt in my own mind that the guard had told the truth; but this arrest was an invention of an officer of the Pasha, whose skill at extracting buckshеesh out of travelers is well known, and who advised him to make the complaint in this manner. The plot had been hatched out during my absence.



PILLAR OF ABSALOM.

I was not in precisely the dress to appear dignified as I emerged from the tent among my captive followers; but clothing is a small matter in the East, and to an Oriental, accustomed to the various dresses, or no dresses, of Arabs, dervishes, sheiks, and holy men, I suppose I presented as impressive an appearance in fluttering linen as I should have in coat and trowsers.

"Who are you? and what are you about?"

When you have heard seven Arab voices running over all the keys of the East—and there are several more octaves there than you ever dreamed of—you will have some approximate idea of the confusion of tongues at Babel.

An insolent reply from the officer in command sent me into the tent for a revolver, and whether dignified or not, my reappearance was manifestly much more impressive. A pious horror of Frankish weapons possesses the Arab soul; and of late years the idea has gained ground that a Frank, and especially an *Amelican*, don't much care who, or what, or why he shoots.

"God is great! If the Effendi will listen—"

"I will listen to nothing! Let go your hold of Mustapha Achmed Barikat! How dare you touch my cook, son of a starved hound! when the breakfast is but half ready? Do you know the penalty of interrupting an American at his breakfast?"

A continuous thunder of abuse brought the unlucky officer to his senses, and his hand to his forehead, while he politely begged my permission to execute his orders, which were to bring my attendants before the Pasha, who held court on the site of Pilate's house, within St. Stephen's Gate. I yielded them all except the cook and one man, who served breakfast as rapidly as possible, and then followed with me to the court of this high and mighty Pasha, of more or less tails—I don't yet know how many.

Steenburger had slept profoundly. I have observed that men in love sleep very soundly. He awoke as the breakfast came on, plunged into his clothes—no small plunge, when you bear in mind that he is six feet three in his stockings—and having bolted his breakfast, was ready to go with me to the court.

As we were entering the gate of the city we met our American friends coming out—Mr. Warren on foot, the ladies on donkeys. They turned around with us, so that our cavalcade was quite respectable as we entered the door-way of the House of Judgment.

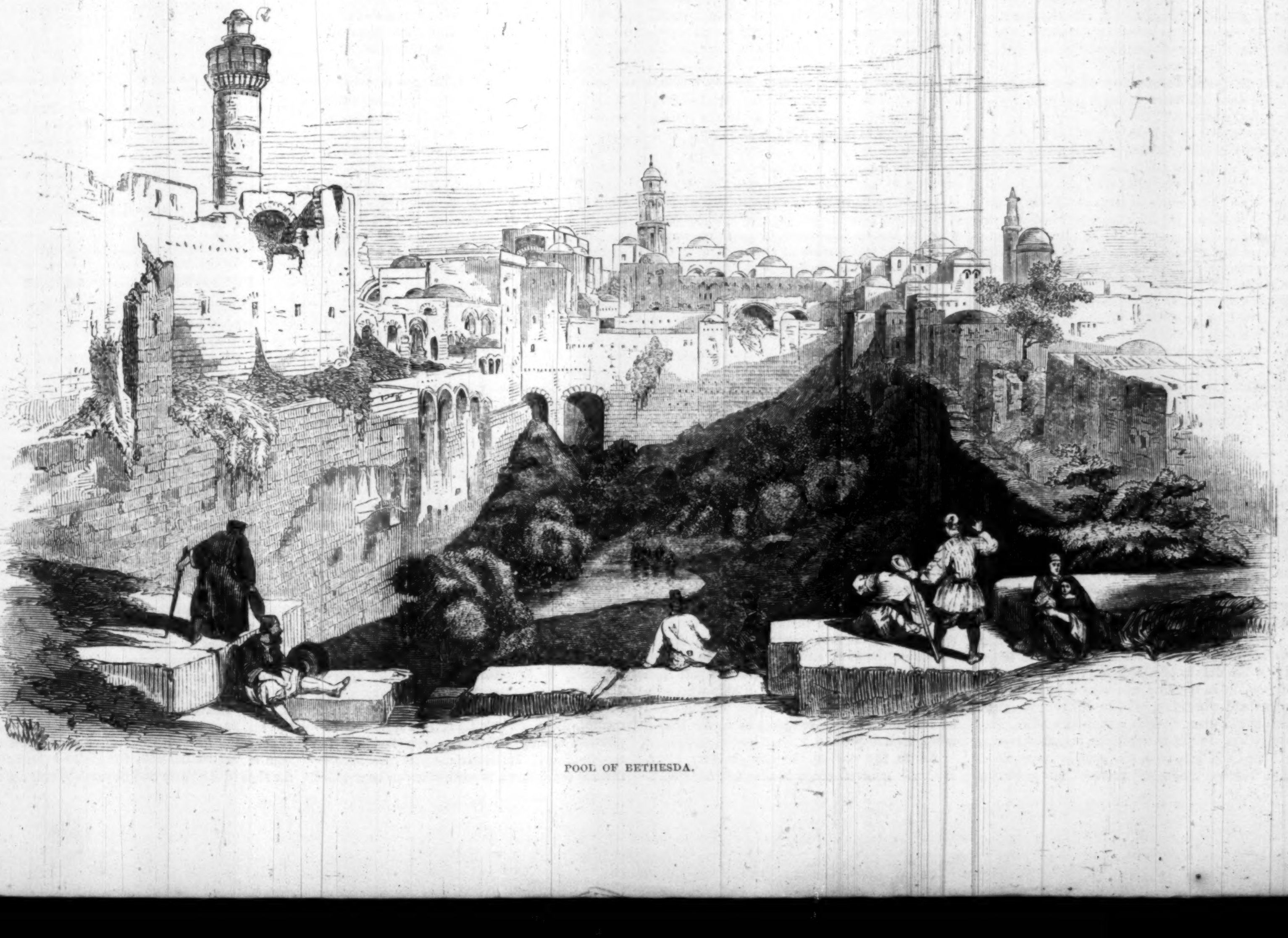
The residence of the Pasha is nearly on the site of the ancient tower Antonia, on the northern side of the Temple grounds, which are now the sacred grounds of the Mosque of Omar. This tower Antonia was the citadel of Roman power in Jerusalem, and was very probably the residence of Pilate.

His Excellency was consoling himself with a *sheeshee* (or water-pipe) and the talk of a friend. As our party entered I did not at first recognize his companion, but the next moment he was in my arms. It was none other than Mohammed Bey, who, I supposed, was at Damascus a week or more ago.

He presented me to the Pasha with infinite respect, and my business was done in an instant. The wily officer who had planned the attack was frightened out of his senses, and by the way he put his feet down as he walked, I could see that the leather thong was in his soul. In fact, this high and distinguished Governor begged to be permitted to evince his affection for his friend and the friend of Mohammed Bey by whipping somebody then and there, a plan which I laughingly asked Miss Warren's approval of, and for which I received an unmitigated expression of horror at my entertaining such an idea for one instant.

But the Pasha was not easily satisfied. He proffered various services; and if he could have laid hands on the soldier who had dared call a respectable traveler a "Christian dog," I verily believe he would have buried him alive in the pit into which my friend threw him.

Business ended, we talked a while, and then ascended to the top of the house, and looked at the sacred inclosure from that commanding position. We remained up there half an hour, and during that time—I give you my word of honor as a veracious traveler—John Steenburger and Miss Alice Warren did not once look at what we came to see, nor could either of them tell, an hour afterward, what was the shape of the grand court of the mosque.



POOL OF BETHESDA.

I reserve my account of it for another time, since I have an engagement with Sheik Mohammed, the principal sheik of the mosque, to visit the interior some day, and thoroughly explore it.

When we came out from the Pasha's house we paused a little while just inside of St. Stephen's Gate, to look down into that vast pit, or pool, which is commonly called the Pool of Bethesda. I will not venture an opinion on what it really is. It is by some supposed to be the remains of the trench which guarded the north wall of the tower Antonia and the temple area. It is still the northern boundary of that space, and is overhung on the south by the high walls inclosing the Harem, or sacred place. Two arched vaults open in it, leading up under the Governor's residence, but these are quite choked up with earth and stone. It is at best, then, one of the mysterious relics of ancient Jerusalem, which we look at with melancholy and profound interest. Around it stand tottering walls, and all the signs of desolation that sadden the Holy City. Minarets stand pointing heavenward here and there near the lonely Pool, but no angel descends to move the waters, no sick man finds healing in the flood, no Saviour approaches to bid the weak and weary sons of men rise up and walk.

I am sick, tired, and worn-out with the sadness of my stay in Jerusalem. All is so mournful, so inexpressibly solemn. The very sunshine on these crumbling walls is unlike sunlight elsewhere, and has no cheer, no gladness about it. I lingered all the morning within the gate—clambered down into the dry basin of the pool—gathered some flowers from its sides, and listened like an old man while Steenburger and Alice Warren talked like children. And then we walked together down the hill into the valley; passed the tomb of the Virgin Mary, and the wall of the Garden of the Passion, till we came to the monolith known as Absalom's Pillar. Here we sat down on the pile of stones that has accumulated around the monument—for every passer-by hurls a stone at the monument of the disobedient son—and the sun traveled along westward. When shall the succession of morning, noon, and starlight over down-trodden Jerusalem have an end? When will God call Zion from desolation, and give to Salem the blessing of peace?

Are you not tired of my notes from this sad city? There is nothing to talk of but ruin and its story, decay and its memorials. And yet I feel at times a pride—a tenderness, mingled with a majestic pride—as I look down from the side of Olivet on the City of the Great King; for I know that the Lord will build Jerusalem, and I thank Him that my eyes have seen her even in her desolation. We may not live to see it, but the elders that carry the saints' prayers bear many vials full of those that beg the restoration of the sceptre to Judah; and the day cometh—the day will come!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1857.

ON A RECENT EXECUTION.

"THIS time some one was hung; we haven't had a man hung for three years past; "the safety of the city demands an example," exclaimed a municipal orator at a political reform meeting in the autumn of 1855. The demand thus made in behalf of a suffering metropolis remained unanswered until last week, when Friday—the unvarying "hangman's day"—brought a homeless and friendless St. Domingo negro "to the foot of the gallows tree." The execution was uncommonly quiet, entirely orderly, and conducted under the requirements of the statute in as private a manner as possible; so that an observer said "he seemed, in the hush of the prison-yard, to hear the hum from the most distant part of the city, while death and life were brought so painfully in practical contrast."

The policy of private executions in an age when the thrilling rhetoric of reporters' photograph the details for millions of readers, who become the spectators in effect, can not now be doubted. The example lives and is multiplied by the newspaper. And the proper department in Great Britain is now perusing the voluminous reports and opinions on the question of private or public executions, which, at the instance of the Hon. John P. Kennedy, have been prepared by the Executives of our leading States, and were by him forwarded. There can be scarcely a doubt but that the United Kingdom will follow the example which Prussia established in 1851 by her Penal Code of executions before an official audience in an inclosed space; supported, as that example must be, by the enlightened arguments from the greater States of the American empire.

The history of changes in the modes of capital punishment throughout the world presents a subject of dramatic interest far beyond the compass of a weekly journal; arriving, as that history does, at a unanimous climax of "throat-death." Strangulation by hanging, as in Great Britain, America, and Austria; by the "garote" in Spain, or by the bow-string of the Mussulman; and decapitation or decollation by the sword or the axe, being now the universal methods of capital punishment.

The elegant pen of Walpole, in a long letter to his friend Mann, did not hesitate to linger upon the details of a hanging; and the recent execution in our city was beheld by a traveler of refined education, who in different countries has gazed upon various ceremonies of criminal expiation. In the earliest times malefactors were plunged headlong from the precipice or crucified. The Roman "Sanson" inclosed his parricidal subject in the sack, where the confined dog, ape, and viper added to the horrors of drowning in the Tiber. The Chinese have confined their felons so that motion was impossible, while the body, besmeared with honey, attracted the most venomous of flies and insects, by whose stings the exquisite torments of death produced the example of terror. The 23d statute of Henry VIII. provided boiling in caldrons as the punishment for traitors, which is only now given to the lobster. The *peine forte et dure* is a punishment only capable of mention in a refined age. The cooping of a state offender in a barrel lined with iron spikes, and rolling it down a long hill was an invention of the Middle Ages. Shooting from a cannon is yet practiced upon criminals among the Skitzlanders, according to the fanciful text of Dickens. The guillotine was but an adaptation of the Halifax gibbet, well known in England long before Dr. Guillotin came to improve upon M. Sanson. The sharp machine-axe could alone satisfy the politeness of the Frenchman toward the vilest wretch.

To the criminal it can make little odds whether, clothed in white, he is beheaded at Munich by the cleaver-like sword; or whether, in Switzerland, he stands upright before the stroke of the two-handed sword; or whether, as a Chinese rebel, he stands in a row, with a score of others, to have his head shaved forward, as the opium-dealers strike at the poppies; or whether the sharp twang of the bow-string at Cairo comes beneath his ears to relieve the misery of his smarting feet; or whether, at Madrid or at Havana, the iron collar is pulled tightly on his Adam's apple, while simultaneously the sharp point enters his spinal column; or whether, bound in a trough, he is pirouetted under the guillotine, to form a new subject of inquiry whether the cheeks of Charlotte Corday blushed when the executioner smote her uplifted head; or whether, standing in the polite presence of Sheriff Willett in the prison-yard of the "Tombs," he becomes an example to rowdies and rioters. But the humanitarian rejoices that while the Mosaic law of retributive vengeance lives the death-punishment is speedy. To the felon the publicity of his death can be of little moment, but the jurists of all countries may well arrive at the conclusion, that the example pondered upon by millions of readers is more powerful than the one gloated over by a few curious thousands of spectators.

REFORM ON SHIPBOARD.

IF reform is needed any where, it is certainly required on board our merchant ships. A captain of a very popular emigrant vessel—a man of nearly fifty years of age, and well known to the public and the mercantile community—has just stood his trial for rape on a defenseless English girl who came to this country in his ship; the defense admits cohabitation, but alleges that the girl was a consenting party. On the mind of the public the impression is that captains of immigrant ships frequently, if not systematically, seduce their female passengers. Again, on Saturday last, the owners of a merchant vessel shipped a crew under the new system—that is to say, without giving the men advance wages for the crimps and sailor boarding-house keepers to divide; the shipper was warned that his "heart would be cut out;" a strong police force was required to ship the men safely; and the story now is that the merchants, tired of carrying on a contest for the benefit of the sailors, are disposed to return to their old plan of paying advance wages. Finally, within the past three months, not a week has elapsed that the newspapers have not contained a horrid story of brutality and butchery on board ship. Now it is a cook, now a cabin-boy, now a raw hand who has been rope's-ended by mate or captain till his body was a mass of weals, then washed in brine, or perhaps kicked or clubbed to death with a handspike. Such stories are becoming tame by their frequency.

Here is room enough for the most ardent reformer. Most certainly, if reform be not applied, the character of the American navy will decline.

With regard to the first and last of the enormities we have enumerated, there appears to be no possible remedy out of the courts. The first principle of navigation requires that the captain should be omnipotent on his own deck while at sea. Any legislative protection, therefore, which might be offered to female passengers or to sailors—against the enterprises of the captain—would be likely to prove more mischievous than salutary. But it is important that United States commissioners and consuls should realize the paramount importance of rendering strict justice in cases between captains and those under their control. The excessive power of the master of a ship should involve proportionate responsibility; the more tardy the account he has to render, the more strictly should it be exacted of him. A more truly abominable part than that played by the captain of a ship who outrages his passengers or his crew can not well be imagined, and it behooves us to see that it meets its due penalty.

As to the sailors, the case is very clear. Hitherto no crew could be obtained here without the payment of advance wages, which went notoriously into the pockets of crimps and the worst villains in the port. The practice rested upon no sounder principle than that the crimps liked it, and possessed the power of coercing most of the sailors into their views. It led to gross exactions, a severe tax on commerce, and chronic depravity among the sea-faring classes, besides nursing and maintaining the very worst category of ruffians among us. It is now proposed to alter the plan, and to pay to sailors no wages that are not earned. Jack will perhaps take more care of money which he has earned than he did of money that was advanced to him: the crimps business will be destroyed; sailors will command a fair market value, and no more. Such a change as this appears highly desirable in every point of view, and it is with great concern that we hear it hinted that the merchants think of abandoning it. A few weeks' contest with the crimps, at a cost of a trifling delay and a few thousands of dollars, may achieve the necessary reform; to abandon it now would plunge matters into a worse condition than ever, and might entail immense injury on our shipping interests.

TELEGRAPH STATIONS IN MID-OCEAN.

ON Saturday afternoon, July 11th, the passengers of the steamship *Persia*, then in mid-ocean, were startled by the signal to stop the engines; but when they rushed on deck to see whether it was an iceberg or another steamer they were running into, they had the pleasure of watching Mr. Cyrus W. Field hand to a fisherman a telegraphic message for New York. The fisherman was ten miles outside of Cape Race, and apparently took some sixty hours to reach the telegraph office at St. John's, Newfoundland, for the message was only received here on Tuesday afternoon. But its transmission proves an important fact, namely, that the Atlantic steamers—which all move past Newfoundland in a narrow belt of water—may be regularly boarded in mid-ocean, and, with the aid of a small steamer, messages may be received here from them in a few hours. We understand that, in the event of a failure to lay the Atlantic cable this season, the Telegraph Company propose to lay on such a steamer, and to give us a regular supply of news from the ocean steamers as they pass Newfoundland. We should anticipate the arrival of the European mail by three or four days, and hear from our friends when half their Atlantic voyage was performed.

HEAT AND HEALTH.

IT was old Chabert, the Fire-King, we believe, who, after a preliminary toddy of boiling oil and sulphuric acid, stirred with a stick of phosphorus, went into a hot oven with a piece of raw beef, and came out, in the course of twenty minutes or so, with a very much over-done beef-steak, and himself as cool as a cucumber.

Science does not hold itself responsible for the infernal toddy, but will guarantee the truth of the oven experiment. Sir Joseph Banks entered a room heated to 210°, and kept cool enough to note down his sensations, which he describes as rather those of inconvenience than of positive discomfort. For example, while his body, having only arisen one degree beyond its ordinary temperature, was tolerably cool, his gold watch-chain, which had gone up with the oven, was intolerably hot, and therefore he found it decidedly inconvenient to handle.

Great as is the facility with which the human body can adapt itself to extremes of temperature, it is not safe to presume too much upon it. We must take care not to thwart the operations by which Nature thus adapts our bodies to these changes. We are now, as we hardly need inform our readers, in the midst of the summer solstice. It is hot, very hot, unquestionably, with the mercury perhaps at 86°, and yet a thermometer placed under the tongue to-day, will not indicate a higher degree of bodily heat than it would have done in February last, with your Fahrenheit ten degrees below zero. This uniformity of animal temperature under such variations of external heat and cold, is secured by certain simple processes, which it behooves us to know, that we may aid them by knowledge, and not obstruct them by ignorance.

The philosophers tell us that within the body there is a furnace, which, if Nature is allowed to have her own way, is kept in full blast during the winter and *slowed down* (to use an engineer's phrase) during the summer, as must necessarily be the case where the object is to preserve a uniform animal heat under such a variation of external temperature. If this process of adaptation is interfered with, disease results. If, for example, in the summer, we supply our bodies with more fuel or fire than is required, we necessarily disorder the system. The fire, which is the oxygen of the atmosphere, is, however, fortunately not much under our control, although any thing that quickens respiration unduly will necessarily increase the supply of air. Excessive exercise, therefore, or intense excitement, is particularly to be avoided during hot weather. As to the fuel of the animal furnace, the principal source of which is the carbon of the food, we of course have that entirely in our own power, and it behooves us to manage it with great discretion. The obvious rule is to avoid, during the heat of the summer, all such food and drink as contain large supplies of carbon; for example, fat meats and the various alcoholic beverages. In fact, if the taste were not stimulated by artificial provocatives, we would hardly require any warning in regard to excess of eating in hot weather. The appetite, when natural, adapts itself, by its diminished force in summer, to the smaller demands of the body for food.

All the diseases peculiar to this season are more or less connected with a disordered state of the digestive organs, and can be traced, for the most part, to an interference with Nature's process for regulating the animal heat. Eat less, drink less, work less, and fret less, and you will suffer less from the excess of heat and the want of health.

FEMALE FREEDOM.

"THAT child," said the Athenian general, pointing to an infant in its nurse's arms, "governs the world. Greece governs the world; Athens governs Greece; I govern Athens; my wife governs me; the child governs its mother; and, therefore, the child governs the world." We do not pretend to say how it may be with us politically, but socially there can be no doubt that children have it pretty much their own way.

There are fast youth, we suppose, to be found every where; but our boys and girls are far ahead in speed of any of whom we have heard. As for precocity in trowsers, with all its disadvantages to morals and manners, there may be, in the active demand of our ever-developing country for masculine effort, some compensating good in the abundant supply of premature energy. In regard, however, to precocity in petticoats, we confess that we can see nothing but unmitigated evil to our social well-being.

In most civilized countries a woman only passes into the world through the guarded portals of matrimony. In our enlightened land girls step at once from the nursery to the widest liberty.

It may not be desirable, as it may not be necessary, to substitute the distrustful policy of French parental discipline for our own all-confidence system. It would be well, however, so far to regulate our bolder practice that childhood may not usurp the privileges of womanhood.

As it is now, every thoughtful person is startled at the rapid development of our female youth. Girls just in their teens, and not out of plain-stitch, if they have ever been in it, are already adepts in coquetry, and can count their male admirers by the dozen. They have their rendezvous, their familiar love-walks and talks, and their clandestine correspondence, in which the pink-tinted *billet-doux* flies fast and frequent, and blushingly reveals the warm intimacies of "dear Jack" and "beloved Araminta." This love-playing of our Lilliputian beaux and belles would be amusing enough, were it not that the juvenile farce is too often the prelude to some more serious drama. Why, what is this tragedy of the week, of which we have all read with horror, but a tragedy enacted by youth? Young, however, as were the actors, the tragedy was complete in every requirement. Female coquetry, rival competition for its capricious favor, the excitement of passion, the rage of jealousy, and the death-blow of murder, supply the elements of this juvenile drama; and in what respect could older heads, older hearts, and older arms devise more wickedly, warm more passionately, and strike more deadly?

PHLEBOTOMY IN POLITICS.

A LEADING official under the new city *régime* is reported to have said that "a rioter's life was not worth more than a toad's." Without discussing the market value of an article for which there is at present no particular demand, we will take the liberty of concurring in the sentiment in so far as it may be understood to indicate a necessity for the adoption of energetic measures for the repression of street riots.

An impression—for which we must acknowledge our indebtedness to the late Legislature at Albany—is fast gaining ground to the effect that laws have ceased to be binding, and that every man's will is his best guide. The only authorities on which we rely for protection and government are openly derided; one set of them by the friends of the party in power at Albany, the other by the populace of the city. Taught by the example of the organs of the State Government to consider the magistracy as possessing no claims to respect, the laws no right to obedience, and judgments of the courts no title to authority, the least educated portion of this community is renouncing allegiance to society at large, and obeying no other mandate than those of its own passions. Where the man of education insults with the tongue or the pen, the man of toil strikes with the club or the knife; the riots in the Sixth and Seventh Wards are the legitimate fruits of the doctrines which a portion of the press has inculcated in reference to the administration of the city, and to that of the nation at large. The *New York Tribune* sowed the seed; we are reaping the harvest.

We have sufficient faith in the people and in our institutions to believe that these pernicious doctrines, and their still more pernicious fruits, will lead to their own correction. There is evidence already that, as usual in such cases, the dupes will be punished while the knaves escape. Public opinion is strongly bent toward a repression of the riots, at any cost; whatever sympathy the humane might feel for the victims of a bloody vindication of the law, such a stern necessity would be approved by the sober sense of the community. We can not continue to exist as a community without laws, and laws which are obeyed. The only abiding regret that would be felt, in the event of a fatal encounter between the police and the rioters, would spring from the knowledge that, while the ignorant and deluded had paid the penalty of their folly, the infinitely more mischievous preachers of sedition and lawlessness had skulked out of harm's way and saved their necks.

CHAT.

GONE INTO THE COUNTRY.

WE packed them off, a week ago, bag and baggage, in three hackney-coaches and an express-wagon, with no room to spare! Why, this going off to the country is as bad as a May moving-day! There were the forty feet of domestic circumference of crinoline, with a wife in the centre of it, to be disposed of; there was baby and the nurse, hardly less expansive than her mistress in these days of free development; and there were the two boys, their three sisters, and aunty; there was the crib, the cradle, a rocking-chair, the hobby-horse, the small French bedstead, and a full complement of bloated bolsters and unpackable hair mattresses; there was the great family trunk; there were the five other ones, small indeed by comparison, but of no contemptible size on their own account; and there were carpet-bags, and bandboxes, and dusters, and shawls, and baskets, and work-boxes, and dolls, and rattles, and fans, and parasols, and hoods, and umbrellas, and flats, and vails, and bottles of milk for baby, and crackers for the older ones, and pounds of candy, and the whooping-cough mixture, and the soothing sirup, and the last number of *Harper's Magazine*, and we know not what else besides. We did not count them, but we tried; and after a series of vain attempts, in the course of which wife and baggage, children and small packages became inextricably confused, we gave it up for want of the necessary arithmetic. We confess, however, to our shame, that we professed, in order to allay maternal anxiety, that we had made the computation, and were ignominiously put to the blush by rendering a very confused account, in which we had put down the children at forty, and the small packages at half a dozen. Though glad enough to be rid of the big trunk and smaller contingencies, which, for the sake of those who accompanied them, we are glad never reached the destination whither, in our vexation, we wished them a rapid journey, we are, of course, as becomes domestic virtue, very miserable at the loss of wife and little ones, and are necessarily hard put to it to console ourselves for their absence.

WHAT WE DO WHO ARE LEFT BEHIND.

We can not, of course, however connubially disposed, be always in the country. Business must be attended to; but work as we may, occasions will come when we find leisure to think of those who have gone, and provide for ourselves who are left behind. We are not much at home, we are free to confess, for we can't endure the solitariness of a deserted house and the smell of camphor. We tried the efficacy of tobacco-smoke, in which we have been generously aided by Bridget's circle of Hibernian admirers, who have been unceasing in their efforts to console the cook for the loss of her mistress, and have not failed to come so often and in such crowds, and with such a jolly appreciation of Irish hospitality under American auspices, that the house has been like a perpetual wake. We don't come home to dinner; but that, of course, like all our industrious citizens, we never do. If we do sit longer, and take, at Delmonico's, a bottle of wine more or less, it is no more than can be reasonably expected under the circumstances of our melancholy lonesomeness and the freedom from domestic supervision. We, with all our exclusive devotion to the absent woman of our affections, do go, we must confess, to see our handsome neighbor, who, either from love or economy, will persist in preferring the town to country. We are prevailed upon occasionally, we acknowledge, to dine with her and her husband, and to join them in a pleasure trip to Staten Island or West Point, where we enjoy ourselves more than we should in the absence of that notable woman, our wife. We must say, too, now that we have no one by our side who knows, and has a right, of course, to know better, that our neighbor is a remarkably fine woman, and not necessarily odious because, her husband not being able to afford it, she don't go to Newport. We confess, too, to a renewal of acquaintance with our bachelor friend Jack Ripster, who, though he may smell like a bar-room of smoke and mint-juleps, as our wife asseverates, and who has long since frightened him away from our house by her pretty *nez retrouseé* and her delicate tastes, is a good fellow at heart, and keeps the primest of regalias and the best of old Madeira. We are not particular, of course, about the lateness of the hour when we arrive at home, for we have no fears of a domestic scene or hopes of a conjugal embrace to hurry our steps; and if we are occasionally under the delusion that some one has stolen the key-hole, it is not very extraordinary, considering the darkness of these summer nights and the disordered state of mind in consequence of our domestic bereavement.

THE CONSOLATION.

Such are our miserable attempts at consolation; and were it not that once a fortnight or so we find that we can be spared from business to take a quick run to the conjugal arms of our better-half, we should despair, in spite of Jack Ripster's prime Havanas and old Madeira, of surviving the summer. There is a great deal, however, of connubiality concentrated in these brief visits to the country, which almost consoles us by its intensity for the loss of the more uniform flow of daily domestic happiness. How anxiously the stage is looked for! What a fluttering of crinoline is seen on the piazza from the far-off distance! How the words of welcome are smothered in the more welcome kisses! How the children gather about contending for the paternal embrace! How the baby shows a consciousness of papa with outstretched arms!

What a sadness when the inevitable Monday arrives! How the words of farewell are smothered, as those of welcome, in the all-absorbing kiss! And then the lingering hug, and the kind injunction, "Take good care of yourself, and *don't forget the peaches!*"

We need not remind our readers, we suppose, that if peaches do grow in the country, they are only to be bought in the town; and that it is a connubial obligation of the highest importance to be attended to, if we desire to secure connubial comfort, *not to forget the peaches.*

GO AND SEE THE "ADRIATIC."

You enter the yard of the Novelty Works; you go stumbling in the dust over great bars of iron, and turning the corners of monster boilers; you look, as you pass, into immense foundries, flaming with fire, and pouring out torrents of hot metal; you see the puzzling net-work of machinery in the work-shops; you hear the clatter of wheel upon wheel, and the great clang of the hammers; you come out upon the long pier, and there she sits, the *Adriatic*, as graceful as a bird, balancing her beautiful proportions upon the fluctuating tide.

You are puzzled to find out what keeps the noble ship in bondage there. When you look down into the machinery your ignorance is hardly enlightened, for those half dozen strong-armed men, with their drills and their screws, would seem able, in a few hours, to give the last touch to what, as a whole, seems now so perfect. They tell you, however, that it will be a month yet before their work is done and the vessel is ready for sea. But leaving those skilled artificers to take their own time, however it may task your impatience, mount the quarter-deck, taking care to shake the dust of the yard from your boots before you venture to step upon those planks—as white and as neatly adjusted as a floor of ivory—and look forward, and aft, and starboard, and larboard, and admire, if you have any taste for the graces of naval architecture.

Go down into the cabins, admire the long range of space, fore and aft; you will see your astonished face reflected here, there, and every where, in the abounding mirrors. What is ugly in most ships is turned to beauty here. The great shaft itself is hid from sight by a frame of looking-glass. Look! there is not only all the luxury of upholstery and cabinet-work, but a whole gallery of art to please your eye. Graceful figures and artful allegories are there to charm your taste and puzzle your ingenuity of conjecture. Don't look, however, if you are about taking a passage, at that ominous character who is about taking a plunge into the unfathomable deep. He is bent on drowning himself, and is very appropriately named Despair, considering his obstinacy in not providing himself with a cork jacket or a patent safety bench, of which we know a plentiful supply can be had on board.

You go into the state-rooms, and you find that it is quite a delusion to suppose that in going to sea you lose the comforts of land. There is every thing there that you have in your bed-chamber at your hotel, even to the bell, which is connected with that artful piece of machinery the annunciator, and never fails, in any emergency, either to bring the servant to you or to give the head-steward, by a knowing wink of the dial, a lively hint of his subordinate's delinquency. If you have ever been startled with that vocal spasm of sea-sick agony, "Oh, steward—I say, steward!" you will appreciate the bell arrangement.

The *Adriatic* certainly seems the perfection of modern art in steamship building, and before the public eye is filled with that great whale of the deep, it would be well to take a glimpse of the most perfect of the sea minnows.

DUSTERS COMING INTO USE.

Upon the announcement, by a young lady of our acquaintance, that dusters were coming into general use, we congratulated her, in behalf of all her sex, on this very satisfactory improvement in female habits. We fancied our young belles deserting the ornaments of fashion for the utilities of home, hanging up their crinolines and putting on serviceable calico, dropping their fans, and taking hold of the *duster*. We did not hesitate to commend this change in the habits of our ladies, and took care to express a very decided preference for domestic virtue to fashionable folly.

It is a good beginning, we thought, this taking to dusters. The broom, and the kitchen-ladle, and the almost obsolete paste-roller will come next, doubtless, and so we said.

"*Kitchen-ladles, indeed—paste-rollers!* What have they to do with an elegant duster which every one wears?" was the indignant response to our warm congratulations.

We confess that we were puzzled, but could get no more satisfactory explanation than "every body knows what a *duster* is." So we supposed; but evidently the duster has a new meaning with our ladies of the present day from what it had with their grandmothers; for although they used it very industriously, they did not wear it.

HOW BOB BOLTER'S PRISONER ESCAPED.

BOB BOLTER (as he has been familiarly termed in the Police Department for many years—he is now a resigned member, choosing neither to wear the red nor the white rose of the Plantagenet Commissioners) loves to take a quiet "drop" into my easy chair in the little study, and with a Romano cigar in one corner of his mouth, play narrator from the other side.

We were talking last week about the queer manner in which the French jail-bird, "Parot," got away from the Marshal, and I had irreverently sneered at the latter, when "Bob" cried, "Be easy, my boy! your prisoners *will* escape despite your best vigilance; so listen.

"Several years ago I had with much difficulty arrested a clerk of a leading jewelry store, who for a long time had not only successfully purloined from his employers, but had as successfully diverted suspicion from himself. He made no confessions when apprehended, and was very sullen; but I got facts enough to give me a clew that the property he had taken was sold to the Ehrwitz Brothers, who for a series of years had defied by their *finesse* all the exertions of police and magistrates. After commitment he was 'habeas corpused'—plague on those bothersome writs! Instead of being helps to justice, as in olden times, they have got to be mischievous, and oftentimes—as in the case I now speak of—mere dodges to help an escape. Being somewhat his criminal guardian, I was selected to care for him on his way to the judge's chambers and back again. The argument over, he was remanded; for there was nothing in the points made 'for the liberty of the subject,' as the counselor with much bombast contended.

"Just by Pearl Street in Centre, as we were going to the Tombs, two intensely countrified fellows came along, and as quick as lightning seized me by each arm, and just as quickly my prisoner cut and ran toward Elm Street. The thing was so bold and audacious I was for a moment paralyzed, and they held tightly, too, I assure you. In an instant there was a crowd. 'Help me,' I cried, 'I am an officer!' The crowd came closer; the men released me. One said, 'I'll get an officer;' the other cried, 'Oh, the fellow's drunk;' and off they went, every body laughing like mad, and coming closer and closer around me. 'Don't be so affectionate,' said I; 'let me out of this;' and I made a lunge at a big fellow, and down he went. At this another struck me, and I saw at once that the whole thing, rescue, crowd, and all that, *must* be a premeditated dodge of the 'Brothers' aforesaid, who were protecting a pal, and had well watched the opportunity.

"My bird was gone, and, bottling my wrath, I said to myself, 'Very well, gentlemen, you think I don't know you; before nightfall, however, I'll have both you and the prisoner tighter than the kettle-drums at oratorios, or I'll resign my office.'

"Slinking away, I went immediately to the office of an evening paper, and wrote a little bit of intelligence that —— had escaped and was probably on his way to Philadelphia, and that Officer Bolter would take the afternoon train in pursuit. All a blind, of course. From there I instantly went to the store of a leading jeweler and told my story. He commiserated. 'Now,' said I, 'if you want to pity and aid me, lend me two diamond rings, four or five watches, and a case of chains. I pledge you my word they shall be back to-morrow.' 'Decoys?' said he, laughingly. 'Just so,' I returned; for he and I had served each other before. I left with my booty, saying as I did so, 'If you see in the paper that you have been robbed, tip the wink and humor it, you know.' He laughed, and off I bolted again to the newspaper office, and fortunately got there just as it was going to press. It was but the work of a moment to write a few lines speaking of a daring larceny in a jewelry store that morning, bold plunderers, etc., etc., etc., which, coupled with the escape, made the fourth edition of the paper a highly spicy issue. From there I went to the house of a particular partner in our police business. I told him at twelve o'clock precisely to be at No. —, —— Avenue, with eight or ten men, and come in and make search. 'That is Ehrwitz's den,' says he; 'they're cunning; there'll be nothing found; we've tried that before.' 'Never you mind,' I rejoined, '*this* time I'll be there before you and learn the mysteries.' With a sign of delighted recognition—for he loved a bit of excitement—we separated, he to pick his fellows, and I to put into my traveling-bag the costume of a jaunty English cracksman, which had once before served as a good disguise—the sandy wig and whiskers, and check cravat were perfectly irresistible.

"By six o'clock, bag in hand, I was on board of the Jersey ferry-boat. Said I to myself, 'Bob, my boy, somebody interested has seen that piece in the paper, and is watching to see if you go. Now you must find out who that somebody is.' Looking around over the crowd carelessly, it was sometime before I could venture a conjecture; but finally I lit upon a certain demure-looking parson as the spy. So, to try him with a bit of bait, I pulls out a stale telegraphic dispatch, and, holding it so he could see what it was, scanned it carefully with one eye, while with the other I peered over at him. He nibbled, and shortly edged toward my position. I was now almost sure, and only wanted a grain more into the scale to poise the doubt. So taking a favorable turn in the 'voyage,' I made over to him and said, 'Have you an evening paper? I omitted to buy one.' 'No, Sir,' said he; 'but you'll get one at the dépôt, I think.' I then pulled out my Philadelphia ticket, so as to carelessly show it—caught his eyes looking anxiously at it, and felt more convinced. But when, just as getting in the cars, I saw him whisper to another parsonish cove, and they both looked at me, I was sure of the spy. But, to my chagrin, he got on the cars and sat near me. I may be balked yet, I thought, for perhaps he is to follow me through! You may believe I was much relieved when he got off at Newark, where I had intended to stop, and so compelled me to go on to New Brunswick. I had just twenty minutes to spare before the return train came by. I jumped for the hotel, where I was known—applied and got a room—and in ten minutes was the English cracksman! My own clothes were put into the carpet-bag, and in a short time more I was back again for the city. At Newark my parson spy got in, and now I felt that I was right to a perfect certainty. Fortunately I had checked my bag, and it could lay until called for. So, unincumbered, I could operate with him as I chose. I took a bold position and sat down by him. We got into conversation. Presently I leaned over, and whispered meaningly, 'Don't be fly—I know you—you are Jack Simpson' (giving him the bold name of a bold pickpocket). He started, and then said, 'Sir, do you wish to insult me? I am the Rev. Mr. Jones.' 'Ah!' rejoined I, with my finger to my nose, 'and you preach for Moses Ehrwitz, the Polish fence, I believe?' He looked alarmed. 'Don't be afraid,' said I; 'I am Bob Mazy, the Liverpool faker. But since *you* are afraid to trust me, *I* will trust you. This very morning I took this jewelry' (producing the loaned articles), 'and was on my way to Philadelphia, when who should be on board but Bob Bolter. So I took return train from New Brunswick!' In an instant he took my hand with a meaning pressure, and told me who he was, and how nicely he had been watching the same officer, and how cleverly he was diddled, going off after his escaped prisoner. And then he laughed merrily; and, egad, I laughed too; but I leave you to judge who had the best of the joke!

"Joke, Sir! He was no sooner at Jersey City than I seized the constable, who is always about the place, whispered a word to him as to who I was, and then we both had our parson friend by the elbows, and took him, as snugly as you please and half frightened to death, into the Treasurer's little office. He had told me his name in the cars, and I had immediately perceived he was a very excellent cracksman, and a man whom we had long wanted. It was but a moment's work to undeceive him, to cowe him, and to get a clean breast of all I wanted after a promise to let him go for his information. My friend the constable was to keep him until morning, when I would return and let him off.

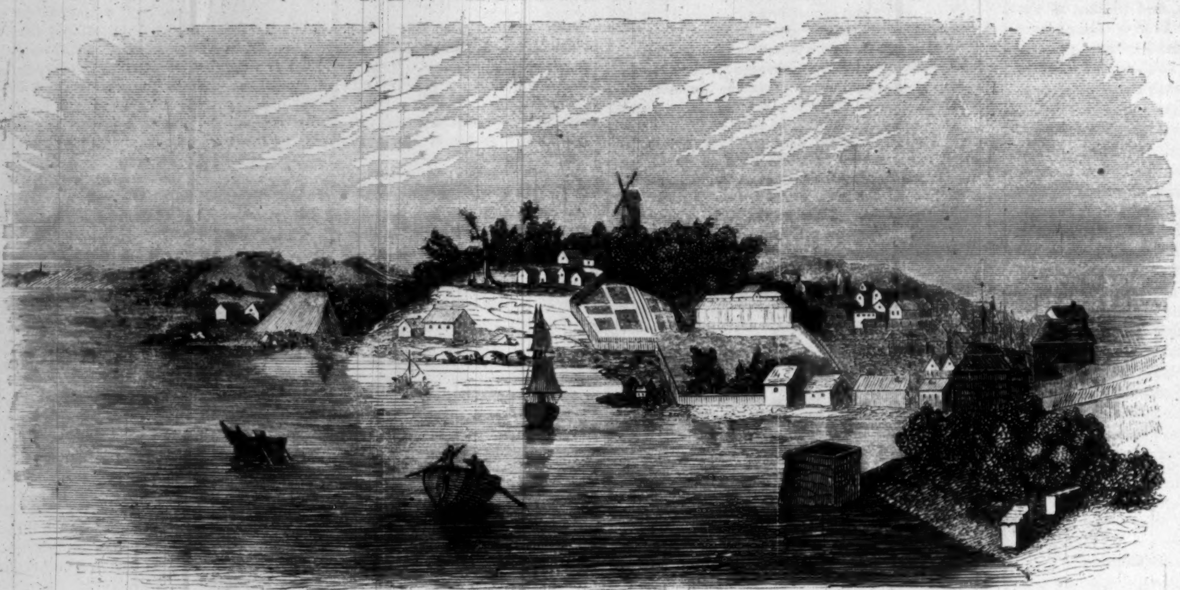
"Armed with excellent information, I was soon on the New York side, and calling a carriage, rode within a block of the house of the Ehrwitz Brothers. Down stairs they kept a store, but up stairs I was satisfied they had a regular crib, merely using the counting-room as a blind, and as a place in which to shove off articles that from their common use could not be well identified. They were just closing the store as I went in and asked for the elder. He made his appearance. I told him I wanted some private conversation. At this moment (it was now half-past eleven o'clock) my partner entered, most capitally disguised as a countryman, to make a pretended purchase and reconnoitre, and a meaning glance passed between us. He said out very loudly, 'Talk avay, mine friend, I'sh got no private place but dish—talk avay.' I whispered in his ear the name of the fellow who was then in durance vile in Jersey City. He started, and led the way up stairs. 'Vot of *him?*' said he, as he got up stairs. 'Why just this,' I answered, putting on a bold way—'I met him on the Jersey cars watching Bob Bolter, who stopped a little journey I was taking, and I turned around with this little swag'—and I produced the jewelry—'some I pulled this morning, and our friend said I couldn't do better than sell it to you. I suppose it's worth fifty dollars or so.' His caution in an instant succumbed to his avarice, and he took me into the third story, where he locked the door. 'Since you've made a clean bosom to me, I can trust you, mine fine fellow—for we are alone—you can never betray me—for dere is no corroborashun, and dat is where we are safe with you gentlemen! You did the leetle matter well; I read it in ze paper.' Saying this, and smothering a vulgar chuckle, he touched a little spring in the wall, and the false wainscot moved disclosing a space of two feet behind. I was almost thrown off my guard with joy, for I now saw that the whole villainy would be shortly at my disposal! From the recess he took a little box, and in it I saw much of the jewelry that I knew was taken by my escaped prisoner. But where was *he?* If I did not get *him*, however else I might succeed, I was not to be satisfied. I therefore angled for information, 'Bob Bolter I see has gone after the fellow who ran away so cleverly,' said I. 'All mine work,' he returned, 'for I always protect mine friends—mine true friends—but the 'copper' (slang for officer) will get ze toss up for his pains—ze bird is in dis cage,' and he pointed with his thumb up stairs. I could now scarcely conceal my delight. My heart thumped like a mill-wheel, and the sweat poured from my body into my very stockings. He counted out his money (thinking, no doubt, what a fool I was), and just shut the wainscot when the church clock hard by struck twelve.

"In a few minutes a noise was heard in the hall. My heart thumped louder. The old rascal was a little flurried, but only for a minute, when unlocking the door he said, 'Perhaps a visit from the police—dey will not let an old man be (here he tipped a wink) and often incommode me. You (another wink) are an English peddler, you know, and—" Here his hints were cut short as the door opened and in came our force, headed by the younger brother, who said: 'It is no use—all is the same as when you were last here.'

"'All is not the same,' cried I, snatching off my wig. Down on the floor dropped the old rascal, as I touched the spring and open came the wainscot!

"Up stairs in a curious closet I found my prisoner; and altogether we recovered about eight thousand dollars' worth of stolen goods. My first prisoner and my others are now enjoying the country air at Sing Sing; and there was a fine singsing on my own account the next day, I assure you."

NEW HOLLAND PIPPINS.

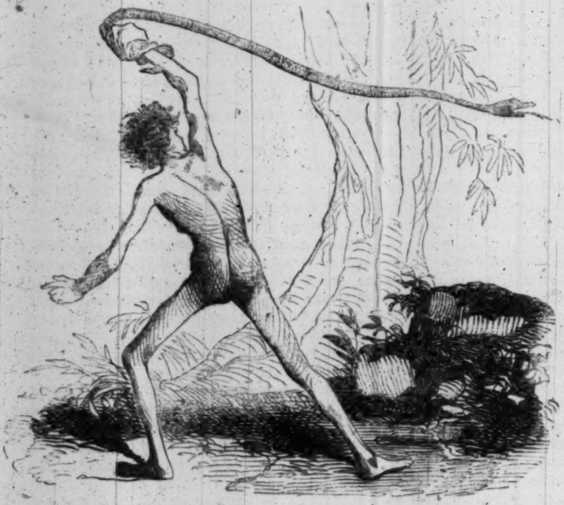


COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR SYDNEY, NEW HOLLAND.

WHEN the reader has finished the perusal of the following article, he may, perhaps, be rather surprised that he has not met with any allusion to the apple which gives its title to this article. To forestall his disappointment, I may as well explain, that, as far as I know, there is no such apple as a New Holland Pippin. The only fruits to be found in this article are the fruits of observation, gathered in the above-named island. This explanation will, I trust, be found to be perfectly satisfactory.

In the year 1850 I met, at Sydney, Mr. Oxley, an Englishman, whose name is associated with the exploration of New Holland and the ascent of the Blue Mountains. I became very intimate with him, from the circumstance of our both being enthusiastic travelers and naturalists, and on my expressing an intense longing to explore some portion of the interior of this vast island, kindly invited me to accompany him to a country house which he owned, situate about a hundred and fifty miles from the town of Sydney, and immediately in the neighborhood of the celebrated torrent of Kinkham. I accepted the offer with delight, and accordingly the next day Mr. Oxley, Mr. Demestre, a French gentleman, and myself set off for the wilds of New Holland.

The day was magnificent; the road wide and level, and running through gigantic groves, whose vegetation was something marvelous. Clouds of green and striped parrots screamed at us as our carriage drove past, and every now and then we heard the plaintive voice of the kangaroo, who, on beholding our vehicle, would, at a single bound, clear some lofty hedges, and continue to fly through the fields in a series of elastic jumps, that made it seem as if he was suspended by some theatrical wire from above, after the manner of the Polichinello in a pantomime.

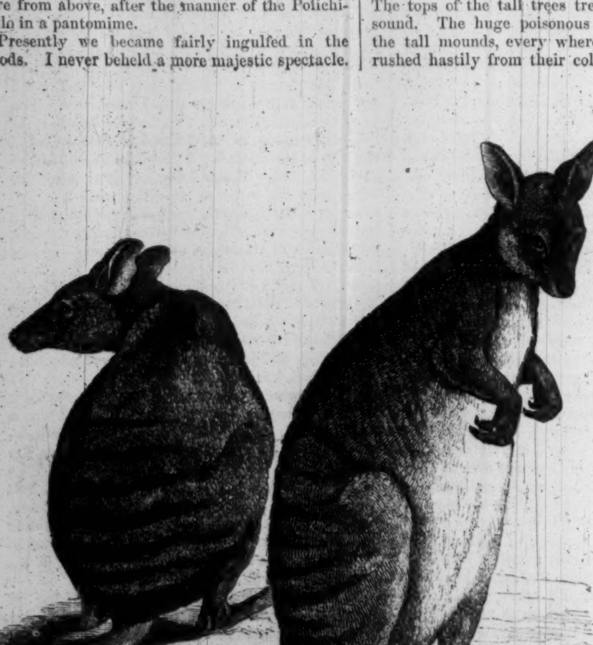


SAVAGE KILLING THE SERPENT.

Presently we became fairly ingulfed in the woods. I never beheld a more majestic spectacle. In Brazil and in the Moluccas one has to attack the forest with fire and sword. The impenetrable vegetation yields only to the axe or the torch, and the adventurer cleaves his way inch by inch through the matted parasites, dead trees, and copses of thorny branches. Here the green domes that spread over our heads seemed like a verdant sky, so lofty, so aerial was the leafy vault. Between the trees a delicious green turf was spread, through which a thousand pale wild flowers were scattered; while high upon the topmost branches of the great eucalypti, the satin-bower bird tore the golden blossoms into fragments, through sheer wantonness of joy. I was lost in admiration of this Titanic forest, through which the most profound silence reigned. I did not know at the moment that, couched in every tree around me, with coil on coil of gelatinous rings, folded in apparent inactivity, and closed eye, that yet always watches, lay the terrible black serpent whose bite is certain death.

By an impulse easily imagined when one is surrounded by a gloomy silence, I discharged my gun. If I had uttered some forbidden spell and called up a witches' Sabbath suddenly in the lonely forest, I could not have awakened a greater saturnalia of noise. It was a torrent of shrieks, howls, and cries that seemed to nearly split the drum of my ear. A chaos of demoniac sounds, an agony of frightful echoes. Swarms of parrots, gray, green, and yellow, sent forth the most abominable shrieks, which, echoing through the forest, awakened in their turn fresh swarms, so that the air was torn to pieces by the discordant tumult. The tops of the tall trees trembled in storm of sound. The huge poisonous ants that dwelt in the tall mounds, every where scattered around, rushed hastily from their colossal dwellings disturbed by the noise. A large black serpent, that must have been sleeping very near us, suddenly lifted his horrid head, and shot with the rapidity of the wind thro' the dim aisles of the trees, like an arrow just launched by some gigantic bowman. Then all as suddenly stopped. The forest subsided into its grand repose again, and I confess that I felt no second temptation to disturb it.

The report of my gun attracted to the spot a wretched-looking man, who proved to be a convict lately escaped from New Liverpool. He was, he said, famishing with hunger, and entreated of us to give him something to eat. We gave him some provisions and money, and while he was bending to the earth with thanks for the alms, a tuft of grass at the foot of a large tree was stirred, and something like a long black lasso cast itself toward the man, rested an instant on his leg near the knee, and then, with a swift recoil, vanished through the foliage. It was a black serpent, which had bitten the poor convict.

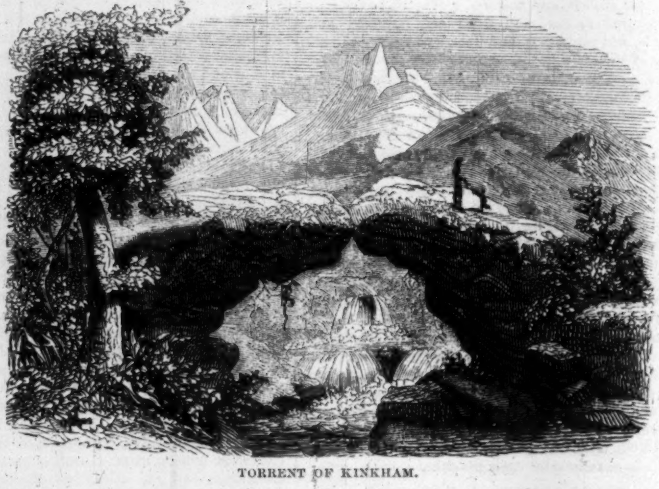


KANGAROOS.

"A knife! a razor!" he cried; "in the name of Heaven give me one quickly or I am dead!"

Mr. Demestre, without losing a moment, drew a large, sharp knife from his pocket and threw it to the poor fellow, who, seizing it, cut with amazing nerve a huge piece of flesh from the spot where he had been bitten by the serpent. Then he ran, moaning with agony and despair, in the direction of New Liverpool.

"One hundred yards from this he will drop dead," said Mr. Demestre to me. "He is food for the opossums."



TORRENT OF KINKHAM.

We proceeded on our journey and rode thirty miles without halting, still surrounded by those eternal forests. Presently we halted under a vast arbutus, and the servants prepared dinner, having first taken the precaution to beat every bush in our vicinity, so as to frighten away the serpents. The place where we stopped was a sort of natural clearing, and Mr. Oxley told me that a quarter of a mile further on I could catch my first glimpse of the Blue Mountains.

"Then," said I, "while dinner is preparing I will go and salute those mysterious monarchs of the island, who have broken the courage and exhausted the patience of so many explorers."

"Take care," said Mr. Oxley; "keep a good watch. The natives sometimes wander as far as this, and if you are not afraid of their *sagais* (a species of javelin), at least look out for the black serpent. You have seen how he fights."

I laughed at his apprehensions, and indeed, on beholding my caparisons, I well might. I had on a pair of pantaloons faced with a species of iron scale, like loose armor, and impenetrable to the bite of a serpent. I carried a short infantry sabre, a pair of pistols, and an iron ramrod, a weapon which had already been fatal to innumerable snakes. Then, with my note-book under my arm, I proceeded on my way.

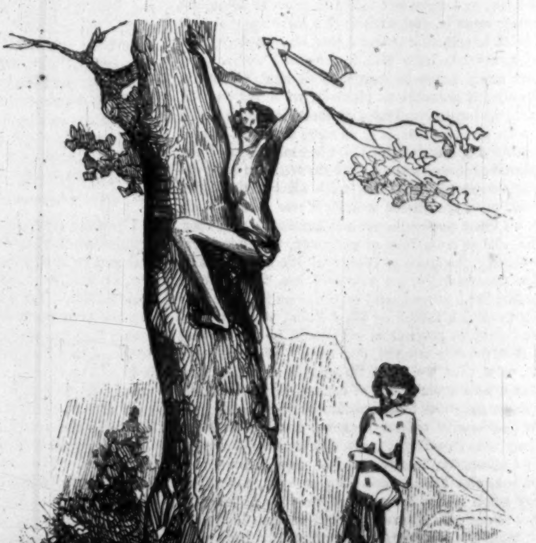
I had scarcely gone a hundred paces when I beheld a hideous-looking savage, entirely naked, carrying in his hand half a dozen sagais, and a large club swinging at his wrist. I drew my sabre, and signified to him that he was not to approach any nearer. But the poor wretch, who seemed in the last stage of debility, gave me to understand by signs that he was dying of hunger. I told him, in the same fashion, to remain where he was until I returned; and hastening back to the camp, without saying any thing of my errand to my companions, I abstracted in a napkin a cold fowl, some cutlets, and a large piece of bread. With these I returned to my savage.

These savages rank among the lowest types of the human species. They are meagre and deformed, and of the very worst dispositions. Sometimes a troop of them will leave their fastnesses in the interior, and come down even to Port Jackson, naked and audacious. Civilization surrounds them there, but does not seduce them. They laugh at it; and sometimes, even in the streets of the town, will massacre each other in some savage quarrel. They are gradually dying out; and in twenty years more the east portion of New Holland will be entirely depopulated of these aborigines.

When I returned to my aboriginal, and showed him the banquet I had brought him, his eye brightened, his muscles moved visibly under the skin, and with an air of mystery, pointing with the barbed end of a sagai to a certain spot near, he indicated to me that I was not to stir or make the slightest noise.

"Hisso! hisso!" he said, in a whisper, grinding his teeth, as a soldier impatient for battle.

I knew that the word "Hisso" signified the black snake in the native language. I looked toward the spot he pointed to, and there I beheld an enormous black snake, stretched on the trunk of a huge eucalyptus, which some thunder-bolt had torn up, a portion of his body passing under a strip of the bark, which had been raised from the wood. I drew my sabre, and dropped another ball into one of my pistols. The savage evidently divined my purpose, for he made signs to me that I had no



FEMALE SAVAGE CLIMBING THE EUCALYPTUS.

need to trouble myself, for, if I wished, he would kill the "hisso." I asked nothing better; for, to say the truth, I had intended to beat a hasty retreat. Nevertheless, reassured by the stillness of the snake, who slept in the sun, and being, moreover, exceedingly curious to witness the encounter, I thought I may as well remain and see it out. It was evident to me still that my savage needed something more. He stamped and shuffled, as if the ground burned his feet. I showed him a knife, my ramrod, my pistols—with which I should have been very sorry to trust him—my sabre, but he shook his head at every thing. At last he touched one end of my lawn cravat. Guessing what he wanted at last, I gave him my handkerchief. He seized it eagerly, and warned me by gestures to retire for a few paces. I obeyed very gladly, I assure you; and with my ramrod in hand, and a beating heart, and breathless with expectation, I awaited the encounter.

The savage then wound the handkerchief tightly round his fingers and a portion of his wrist, tried whether the joints moved freely, and then crouching on his haunches, crept with the utmost caution toward the awful "hisso." His coolness and audacity made me tremble. Yet to watch this dusky, emaciated form gliding along the ground with a noiseless motion, with glittering eyes fixed on the sleeping prey, one would imagine the odds not so unequal after all. It seemed to be serpent against serpent.

He reached the prostrate trunk of the eucalyptus; sank almost level with the ground; glided forward with inconceivable rapidity; seized the snake by the tail, and suddenly rose to his feet. The snake, so rudely aroused, strove to turn on his assailant, but was prevented, owing to a portion of his body being passed under the slip of raised bark of which I have spoken. The savage had evidently foreseen this. He retreated rapidly, dragging the snake through the crevice left between the bark and the tree; and at the instant that the reptile's head was about to slip from out this species of pillory, and I expected to see it the next moment launch itself at the savage and inflict its fatal bite, the latter swung his arm round his head, and still holding the snake firmly by the tail, kept it revolving with immense rapidity, after the fashion in which a street conjuror swings the cord with a brass ball at the end, with which he makes a circle in the crowd for his performances. I was stupefied—fascinated by so much courage and dexterity. The savage stamped on the ground, shrieked like a wounded hyena, and swung his arm round his head with ever-increasing rapidity—the immense centrifugal force keeping the snake extended at full length, till it seemed as if he were only swinging a sling preparatory to casting a stone from it. After having continued this for about three minutes, the flaccidness of the snake's body showing that it had no longer any power of resistance left, the aboriginal drew near a large tree, and still swinging the serpent, brought its head against the trunk with immense force. He then let it drop, and it lay extended on the grass, apparently dead.

"Is it dead?" I asked by a gesture.

My savage replied, in the same fashion, that he would soon put that beyond doubt, if I would lend him my sabre. This I gave him—very reluctantly, I will confess—and he immediately decapitated the reptile. Then, apparently enjoying his triumph, he commenced a wild song and dance. He—as well as I could gather from his pantomime—insulted the memory of his venomous victim; then he feigned to have been bitten, and staggered as if in the last agonies of death. Then he sang and leaped, as if delirious with conquest; while I leaned against a tree, and sought in vain to catch with my pencil the grotesque attitudes, sometimes highly dramatic, of this singular being. He seized the body of the serpent, tied it round his neck in a large knot, always dancing and singing his rude chant, and each moment moving farther and farther away among the trees, amidst which he presently vanished. As for me, I was so entranced with the whole scene, that it was not until he had entirely disappeared that I remembered he had carried with him my sabre and pocket-handkerchief, along with the food which I had brought him, leaving me in exchange the ghastly head of the deadly black snake.

When I returned to my friends, and related my adventure, Mr. Oxley congratulated me on having come off with only the loss of such trifling articles. That evening we reached Mr. Oxley's residence.

This gentleman's charming house is situated on the top of a beautiful plateau, the foot of which is thickly planted with European trees, mixed with the giants indigenous to the island. The place was rich with flowers and fruits; and if I had not known that I was in New Holland I might have fancied myself in the garden imagined by Tasso. After a delightful sleep, I was up the following morning at five o'clock, ready to commence my explorations. Oxley, who was not yet risen, heard me as I passed his door, and called me into his room.

"Thirsting for adventure, I see!" he cried; "but take care. All about you just here is Europe, but beyond my bounds it is New Holland, a savage country—a country of gigantic ants that will devour a man; of serpents whose bite is fatal; of torrents which in a single hour will swell into oceans, and devastate hundreds of leagues."

I laughingly promised to be cautious, and immediately set out, determined to do exactly as I thought proper. It is always the way when people warn me. I had been particularly warned against going toward the torrent of Kinkham, since it was the line beyond which the convicts were not permitted to pass. The country beyond, therefore, was doubly dangerous, from its being infested, not alone with savages, but also those escaped convicts, than whom, as a general rule, no greater savages exist. I, accordingly—having taken the pains to learn its direction—marched straight toward the torrent of Kinkham. It was a very moderate species of torrent, not at all realizing the terrible tales which I had heard of its rebellious overflowings. It was not more than a hundred yards in length. A small thread of water tumbled over some stones, whose smoothness, however, bore witness to past violence, whether of avalanche or freshet. As I halted on the bank of the torrent, I observed a brilliant flame suddenly rise at a little distance on the other side of the stream, and a thin spiral column of smoke rose slowly through the morning air. Here was evidently a chance for an adventure. "*Allons!*" I cried to myself; "here goes! The Rubicon must be passed!" and with that I crossed the terrible torrent of Kinkham.

I hastened toward the fire, and on arriving at a small clump of brush from near which the flame arose, I beheld a sight which I shall remember to the day of my death. Eleven savages, among whom were only two women, all of them like living skeletons, had piled a quantity of dry branches round an ant-hill of about three feet in height, and four in diameter. This pile of wood they had fired, and when I reached them were collecting more fuel with which to feed the flames. On my appearance they all stopped in their occupation, and gathered in a group, with a rather menacing air. According to my usual custom with uncivilized people, I advanced frankly to them and offered my hand. They gazed stupidly at me, and muttered some words, to which I had the best reason in the world for not replying. I, however, uttered the name of Mr. Oxley. This they repeated among themselves, evidently with great satisfaction; and so talismanic was its effect that immediately they made signs of greeting to me, and recommenced their operations against the ant-hill. The circle of fire, by continual feeding, approached nearer and nearer the ant-hill, the savages pushing the burning brands closer with their sagais, and sometimes their hands and feet. Presently one of them launched his spear at the earthen mound, and through the crevice so opened a crowd of enormous white ants issued, which, however, rapidly retreated on beholding the fire. The flames grew more and more intense. The savages uttered hoarse cries of joy, and wounded the earthen crust of the ant-hill in a hundred places, letting one see the loathsome inhabitants within writhing in the agonies of death. After about an hour they ceased to supply the fire with fuel, and clearing the brands away, broke off the clay covering of the ant-hill, as one breaks a pie-crust, leaving disclosed a smoking mass of black, gummy substance—being, in fact, a dish of baked ants. This they devoured with the most disgusting avidity; and I really believe, from their suspicious glances at me, that they thought I wanted a share in their repast.

Horrible as it may seem, this disgusting food forms the chief subsistence of the aborigines of New Holland.

This loathsome banquet concluded, the chief of the party made signs to me that, being a friend of Mr. Oxley's, they would like to honor me by some species of exhibition, if I would give them a yellow silk pocket handkerchief which was peeping from a side pocket in my coat. Of course I gratified a desire which might have become a command, and the chief, whose eyes sparkled with delight, gave a low whistle. One of the band, a meagre woman, stepped forward, holding in her hand a small hatchet. The chief pointed to a eucalyptus tree that stood near. This tree was about one hundred feet in height, with a perfectly straight trunk, smooth as a birch-tree, of a circumference which the united arms of two men could not encircle. The chief made signs that this woman should ascend this eucalyptus as quickly as I could walk on the ground. I confess that, with all my experience of savage agility, I could scarcely credit that this wretched skeleton before me could ascend this gigantic trunk. At another signal from the chief this woman, whose apparent sex was almost lost in emaciation, advanced to the foot of the tree, and with a couple of blows cut two notches in the trunk, one about two feet from the ground, the other about four; then, with a surprising agility, she sprang into the air, and planted the hatchet firmly in the tree far above her head. Then, fixing her toes in the almost imperceptible notches that she had made, she lifted herself until she grasped the handle of the hatchet, and dragged herself up with one hand. Then, clinging to the tree, apparently as a tree-toad clings to a wall, without any visible means of support, she again planted the hatchet still higher, and so mounted, with the rapidity of a lizard, until she was about seventy feet from the ground. The chief then gave a low whistle, and in an instant the savage creature let herself glide by her own weight to the earth, whirling round the tree, in her rapid descent, in a complete spiral. When she reached the earth, I expected to see her bosom completely flayed, but there was not a bruise upon her skin. I don't think I ever beheld a more really wonderful exhibition.

This feat had scarcely concluded when, as if a panic had suddenly seized them, every one of the savages burst into a loud cry of terror, and leaping into the woods suddenly disappeared. For a moment I expected an attack, but all remained silent. Presently it seemed as if the sky was dropping bullets. Huge, round, leaden drops of water began to fall slowly. In a moment the panic of the natives was explained. There was going to be a shower, and a shower in New Holland is no joke. Remembering the stories about Kinkham, I hastened as fast as I could in the direction of the torrent. The stream that I left a silver thread had become a swollen, yellow, roaring flood. It had rained up country, evidently, and the shower was traveling down, but the impatient river had beaten it. To hesitate in such a case was to perish. The torrent was swelling every instant; so, without a second's delay, I plunged in, and after a few powerful strokes reached the other side in safety. By the time I had reached Oxley's and changed my clothes and sat down to breakfast, the rain was falling in such torrents as to darken the air. After breakfast was over, Mr. Oxley took me to the window, and pointing out, said to me:

"See what you have escaped!"

Escaped, indeed. There was no more land to be seen. The huge trees that covered the face of the country seemed to be growing out of the water. An immense ocean extended as far as the eye could see. It was marvelous!

"So much for your escape from rain," said Oxley. "Before you depart you will see hail perform an equally important part. What do you say to having bullocks killed by hail-stones?"

"That it saves butchers," was my reply.

"You are incorrigible," laughed Oxley. "I can't frighten you."

After dinner I again looked out of the window. Lo! another change. The ocean had disappeared; the earth was again visible, though beaten and discolored by the floods. It was a species of magic-lantern. An inundation and a restoration in three hours!

"Kinkham," said I to Oxley, "is like a French revolution—a terrible fellow while he lasts, but he does not last long."

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

PUFF! PUFF!! PUFF!!!

My dear Editor,—I need hardly say my correspondence with you is of the most sacred character; nevertheless, I very much fear you are making an improper use of it. What was it I said to you about ugly men being charming, or charming men being always ugly? I forget exactly what it was now, but whatever it might have been, had you any business to repeat it? During the last week some of the plainest persons of our acquaintance have been in such lively spirits, and been making themselves so unusually agreeable, that it was beyond the family comprehension; and I could only account for it to myself under a private suspicion of treachery. Do not suppose I wish to contradict my former remarks. What I say, I mean; and what I have said, I meant; but, at the same time, there are two sides to every question, and it will not do to find plain gentlemen giving themselves airs because they have discovered we do not wish them to be better looking than they are. If we dislike half the world for being conceited of their beauty, it would be sad indeed if the other half became conceited of their ugliness!

"Yes, indeed!" exclaims Aunt. "If we like them for having no airs, it would be indeed a pity to find them presuming upon their very deficiencies!"

Mr. C. (*who is pretending to read the newspapers, but is really listening intently to every word we say*). "What's that you're talking about—good looks and ugliness? Always running after some nonsense or other! You don't know your own minds, I think! At one time you're mad after '*dear* Thalberg, because he's so handsome!' and a little while ago you were all wild after '*dear* Mr. Thackeray, because he's so very ugly!' The truth is, you don't know what you like!"

Aunt. "Perhaps not, Sir; but we know very well *when* we like, and that is sufficient. But if we say a man may be as ugly as he pleases, and we will not find fault with him for it, that means he may be as ugly as Heaven pleases to make him; but it does not mean he may be as ugly as the devil makes him."

(Excuse Aunt's strong language, my dear Sir; but we have just been reading the Rev. Charles Kingsley's new book, entitled "Two Years Ago," and that religious novel contains such frequent use of the above word, that I suppose one unconsciously repeats it.)

"My dear Sir, you understand me, and I do not mean that any of you need add to your misfortunes in that way. Most of you are quite ugly enough by nature, not to require any additional charm of the sort. Now I call it the work of the Evil One, when a man ruins his natural good gifts—his face, his features, and his figure—by wine-wickedness and the weed; and I do assure you, the disfigurement brought on by tobacco alone is greater than you have any idea of! I dare say when you came into the world you had innocent lips and tolerable mouths; what have you done with them since? I truly believe the use you habitually make of them prevents many a pretty pair from coming near them. You know it's a fact."

(Really Aunt is half right; for, without much reflection, I can at this moment remember five of my own flirtations which could not be carried as far as I wished on that account alone.)

"If you wish to be hermits and ascetics, pray do; there's no better plan than smoking and chewing for carrying out the *noli mi tangere* principle. Do you imagine we could ever spontaneously adore a confirmed smoker? If we do, I am sure the adoration was begun before he made himself so disagreeable, and it had to be forgiven to him afterward, with a great many other sins. Do you fancy those creatures have their cheeks patted, and their hair stroked, and their faces kissed, like other mortals more innocent and less offensive? It is quite impossible; it could not be done at any price! Such men don't care for us, and we don't care for them. There they sit "smoking together," as they call it—looking half the time like so many morose bears—the only sign of life being a lazy puff every now and then; or if they cease a moment, it is, but with more or less adroitness, to do what is worse; if they talk, what is it all about? Generally speaking, about something you ought not to hear, and quite unfit for respectable ears; something very entertaining and vastly pleasant, no doubt, but something they never *can* manage to recollect when they come home, much as their wives may enjoy an improper little story, when properly communicated.

"And what do you look like? smoke-dried mummies, parched-up punies! Do you think any woman would marry any of you, if she had the least possible chance of doing otherwise with herself? No, indeed. A man that can turn from his wife to his cigar is capable of great social crimes, and that man ought to be avoided. But, ugly as you look, the sight is not equal to the smell. Stale tobacco! Dear me, what can be worse?

"The girls like it! do you say? No, my dear Sir, they do *not* like it. Ask any truthful young person, and hear what she would say. In the first place, young ladies don't know much about it. All they experience is an occasional whiff, during an evening stroll, for instance, or under some such agreeable circumstances, so favorable to flirtation that they naturally pardon any thing and every thing."

"Well, you know, a gentleman always asks the ladies whether they dislike it or not."

"Yes, and what does their good-nature lead them to reply? 'Oh dear! no, Sir; not at all disagreeable, I assure you!' and then they mince out something about 'on the contrary, I like it *extremely!*' while it is as much as the honest ones can do, to add, for conscience' sake, a sort of saving clause, that 'In the *open air* they don't at all mind it!' while others, again, observe, judicially, that '*a good* cigar they like any where,' as if *they* knew a good cigar from Aaron's rod! I liked the lady whom I read of, answering to that same question, 'Do you dislike the smell, madam?' 'I don't really know, Sir, for no gentleman ever smoked in my presence!' and I only wish such candor was occasionally imitated, if we had to omit the wit. No, Sir, it is *not* natural to like tobacco-smoke; it is an acquired taste, and a very bad taste when it is acquired. Our first cigar smoke is just as sickening to us as your first cigar is to you; and no woman can be brought to bear it with indifference, not to speak of complacency, without a long course of oppression; that is my belief. Oh yes, I have heard wives say, with delightful conjugal devotion, 'I really enjoy it, when Mr. —— takes his cigar! I quite miss it of an evening when he's not home!' More is the pity, madam, I am inclined to answer. Such a state of things is not to his credit; nor is it to yours, except in the way of self-immolation. You act from the best motives, no doubt; but you might become a confirmed toper upon the same virtuous grounds.

"To tell me that all nations do something of the kind is no argument at all; that only proves your degradation to be general, and not special. No, Sir! I have seen what drunkenness is; I have experienced what smoking is; and I know what chewing, as you call it, is also; and I must honestly say I don't see a pin to choose between you. You all think yourselves greatly improved upon your fathers, who considered it gentlemanly to get intoxicated every day of their lives. But what's the difference between you, I should like to comprehend? You take another kind of dram, that is all, and persuade yourselves that getting boozy over tobacco is no harm to any body, if, indeed, you don't fancy it poetical, and intellectual, and Oriental, and interesting, and so forth, to be constantly up in the clouds. Nasty, dirty clouds, I call them!"

I look at the specimens of the masculine gender who hear this. Some of them screw their mouths on one side, others shrug their shoulders. Mr. C., who has endured it before, looks stolid; one after another they quietly retire. What for?—to smoke again, of course! Addio. Yours ever.

P.S.—*You* smoke too, don't you? Say No!

LITERARY.

Married or Single? *by the Author of* "Hope Leslie," "Redwood," "Live and Let Live," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A startling series of chapters taken bodily out of New York life and society.

Miss Sedgwick has no need of praise for her graceful and polished style. All who know her works know this, that in the use of material and the tools of the art she has no superior. Her words are choice, and her pages luxurious in their unimpeachable chastity of rhetoric.

Besides this, few persons so thoroughly appreciate human nature, or have so carefully analyzed character. She knows precisely all the component parts of a living, acting man or woman.

In the book before us she has entered New York society, and selected its people as her actors. Without a particle of caricaturing, every person is drawn from life, with all the follies and all the virtues that make up a frequenter of New York circles. Mrs. Herbert, with her commonplaces, her plans, her obliquity of vision as to right and wrong, is a well-known lady. Miss Anne Carlton, the brainless belle, is one of a hundred we could name. But such are not the only people in society. Eleanor Herbert is a woman to admire and honor, while Grace is one of those rare but not unknown persons, a noble and a most lovable girl. Let us be thankful we know one or two just such.

For the gentlemen it is enough to say that they are our old friends or companions—the man of the town, the lawyer, the elderly gentleman of quiet ways, the clergyman, all are familiar to us. The scenery of the novel is perfect, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best extant picture of New York fashionable society precisely as it exists. The portraits are in some cases fearfully accurate, and we commend them to the study of their originals.

But Miss Sedgwick will be herself surprised at our pronouncing this a distinguishing merit of her book. It is but the necessary result of her skill in the management of scenery, which, finding it necessary to carry on her plot or her moral, she could not possibly make false or deceptive. She descends to no clap-trap, but describes the world as she has known it.

It is a simple, yet an absorbing story of modern life. In its progress married life is laid bare of all its concealments, and the contrast with singleness of heart and life is made plain. The pains, trials, troubles, sorrows, and agonies resulting from marriage are among the prominent incidents of the history; yet the moral can scarcely be said to be in favor of single life, since Grace, the heroine, around whom the whole interest of the story moves, like a true woman, loves and marries at last, though only after a narrow escape from the terrible fate of a mistaken choice.

Such a novel can not fail to attract attention. Society has seldom such opportunities of looking itself in the face, and those who are not in and of it seldom find such accurate drawings from its scenes. There are throughout the book liftings of the vail that hides the soul of woman, flashes of light into the deep recesses of man's stubborn and selfish will, quiet pictures of devotion, exquisite sketches of pure and perfect woman love, delicate outlines of character, sharp, clear pencil drawings of human nature as we know it well, while over and through all the scenery of the novel is a charm which is to be attributed to that delicate and refined appreciation of what is and what is not to be said, which distinguishes the author of "Hope Leslie."

Hand-Book of French Literature, Revised and Edited *by James B. Angell*, Professor of Modern Languages in Brown University. Philadelphia: H. Cowperthwaite & Co.

Abuse of French literature is common enough; but the abuse is directed, in most cases, at the morals, and seldom at the literary character of French authors, of which few American readers have any clear idea. Chambers's Hand-Book has always been highly valued as a summary for the use of students and the direction of general readers. This is a revised and Americanized edition, better in many respects than the original, and worth its price, if only to teach ordinary readers whose are the most celebrated names in the French roll of authors, and what their principal works. It is a very readable Hand-Book withal, containing many well-selected specimens of Gallic literature, which will be especially agreeable to those who read the original, as almost every one in America now does, or ought to do.

A Manual of Ancient Geography, *by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F.R.S.E.*, etc. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

This is a thorough and excellent compendium of ancient geography, valuable as a book of reference, containing all that the classical scholar could wish to know, and especially desirable as a companion to the reader of ancient authors. The book is enriched with a map, showing the probable line of the memorable retreat of the Ten Thousand, which has been prepared by General Monteith, well known for his Eastern researches. It is the best map we have hitherto seen of the Tigris Valley, which is now becoming even more interesting from modern railway projects than it has been for the memory of the success of Xenophon.

The widow of Hugh Miller is to have a pension of £70 a year, and efforts are to be made to secure a similar provision for the family of Douglas Jerrold.

Miss Julia Kavanagh is engaged in a quarrel with Mr. Newby, the publisher, which she conducts with rather indecent sharpness, considering the circumstances of the case. Mr. Newby, it appears, bought a book from her father, which she had revised and prepared for press; but he did not know that she had quarreled with her father and withdrawn her name from the book. Hence, when it was published, she made an attack on the publisher, and he retorts upon her father, while she has no mercy on either.

Tennyson withholds his promised volume, *Morte d'Arthur*, because there is not enough of it to make a book. From the announcement it appears that the volume is to be a collection of fugitive or connected poems, instead of one continuous poem, as we were led to expect.

A Mr. Gaine has invented and patented, and Messrs. De La Rue & Co. are about to introduce into the market, a new article of paper, which will be of great value and importance. They call it parchment-paper. Its properties are strength and resistance to water. It is pronounced superior to parchment, which is injured by moisture; and the inventor predicts for it universal use in school-books, legal documents, book-binding in old vellum style, and all other purposes where indestructibility is a desideratum in paper. The process is applicable to any ordinary paper, even after it is printed upon, for the printed matter is not in the least obliterated.

Darby & Jackson have completed their very handsome edition of *Marryatt's* novels by the issue of Japhet in Search of a Father, Percival Keene, The Phantom Ship, and The Poacher. This set forms a very elegant library series. Perhaps no author of light fiction bears a second reading better than Marryatt. The same publishers continue their edition of standard novelists by the publication of *Hannah More's* Cœlebs in Search of a Wife and Tales and Allegories, each in a substantial and beautiful duodecimo volume. The entire series is not only valuable, but will be necessary to all libraries.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

It is understood that the Cabinet has been engaged during the week in examining the Tehuantepec grant. Under the advice of Attorney-General Black, the rival interests of Hargous and Sloo have compromised their dispute, and laid a case before the Government for action. It is supposed that General Cass has accordingly instructed Mr. Forsyth to open negotiations with the Government of Mexico for the conclusion of a new treaty; and, should this be declined, for a guarantee that the present holders of the grant will be protected in their use of it.

MORE NICARAGUAN FILIBUSTERISM.

Washington was startled one day last week by a telegraphic dispatch announcing that President Rivas had invited Walker to return to aid him in putting down the dissensions which have broken out in Nicaragua since the Americans left; and that Walker accordingly summoned all his officers to meet him at New Orleans to recruit for the service. Whatever communications may have passed between Walker and his friends in Nicaragua, it seems that the embarrassments of that country are not nearly ended. None of the transit projects which have latterly been set on foot are believed to be favorably viewed by the Government; and the design of Costa Rica to extinguish the nationality of Nicaragua has been positively condemned.

PROSPECT OF A SETTLEMENT WITH NEW GRANADA.

The Senate of New Granada has passed a bill authorizing the President to settle the dispute with the United States on the best terms he can, provided the sovereignty of that state be not curtailed. He may submit the case to arbitration. Advices received at Washington state that the New Granadian Minister near this government is authorized to arrange the difficulty on terms that will be satisfactory to the United States.

FREE AFRICAN LABOR.

Much excitement has been created at Washington by the announcement that France and England contemplate an extensive introduction of free African labor into the West India Islands. France has already contracted for a large supply of negroes to be procured from their chiefs on the slave coast, sent to the French islands, and held to labor there for a term of years at a fixed rate of remuneration. The British Government are believed to have a similar scheme in contemplation. At Washington the prevailing impression is, that it would be in violation of the treaties for the suppression of the slave-trade.

MORE TROUBLES IN KANSAS.

It seems that, on 16th inst., the citizens of Lawrence, Kansas Territory, prepared to submit to the popular vote a city charter different from the one granted by the Territorial Legislature. Governor Walker issued a proclamation denouncing this action as treasonable, and called out the United States troops to enforce his authority. As soon as news of the movement was received at Washington, orders were sent to General Harney to throw the entire expeditionary force for Utah upon Kansas, if the Governor deemed it doubtful whether order could be maintained. The prevalent impression is that nothing will come of the outbreak; the people of Kansas are too busy selling corner-lots to plot treason.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF MINNESOTA.

The Minnesota Constitutional Convention assembled at St. Paul on the 14th. The Republicans, fifty-nine in number, met in the Hall of the Capital, and the Democrats, forty-four in number, organized a separate Convention in the Council Chamber. Each Convention was drafting a Constitution.

There had been some doubt as to where the Convention should meet, and what place was the capital. When the bill removing the capital of the Territory from St. Peters to St. Paul passed in the Legislature last winter, and was engrossed ready for signatures, the chairman of the Engrossing Committee carried it away, and it could not be found till too late to be used. Another copy was prepared, but the President of the Senate refused to sign it. It however received the signature of the Governor and other officials. The question was, whether the law was valid or not.

An application for a mandamus for the removal of the capital from St. Paul to St. Peters was refused by Judge Wilson, who decided that after the Governor and the Legislative Assembly had established the temporary seat of government at St. Paul, their power was exhausted, and they had no authority to locate it at another place.

THE NEW IOWA CONSTITUTION.

The new constitution of Iowa, which the people are to ratify or reject in August next, permanently fixes the seat of government at Des Moines. The State will not be allowed to contract a debt greater than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and no city or town can do the same thing to a greater extent than five per cent. of its valuation. The Legislature can pass a general banking law, and also establish a State bank, with branches, but such a law or laws must be approved by a popular vote. A State Board of Education is provided for, and the three Judges of the Supreme Court are to be elected biennially for the term of six years. There is a question outside of this which excites much interest, and that is, whether in the qualifications for citizenship the word "white" shall remain. The Democrats in the Convention succeeded in making this a separate issue, and in prescribing that a majority of all the votes cast must be given affirmatively in order to adopt it.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

The Tenth regiment of infantry was to leave for Utah Territory on the 18th inst., and the Fifth regiment of infantry and the Twenty-first dragoons about the 1st of August. General Harney will go with the latter body. Governor Cummings would leave St. Louis in a day or two for Washington, to receive his final instructions. The cost of the expedition is indicated by a statement of the various disbursements in mere preparation. In May and June 1600 troops were forwarded to the West. Horses purchased numbered 302; mules, 234; wagons and harness, 325; total number of tons of Quartermaster's and Commissary's stores purchased and shipped, 5750; bushels of oats, 15,000; corn, 70,000; steamers engaged, 45; teamsters employed, 200. Value of Quartermaster's stores, $700,000; Commissary's stores, $228,000. It is supposed that when the whole account comes to be footed up, it will be found that the expedition has been the means of disbursing some twelve or fifteen hundred thousand dollars in Missouri, to say nothing of transportation across the Plains, the supply of beef, cattle, etc., contracts for which have already been made.

OUR CITY TROUBLES.

The conflict between the Municipal and State authorities is ended. All the station-houses and police property have been surrendered to the Metropolitan force; and the Street Commissioner appointed by the Governor has been installed, while the Mayor's Commissioner has been sent to prison. There has been some further disturbance in the Seventeenth Ward, between the Germans and the police; the latter have been kept three days prisoners in their station-house. Much excitement was created by the burial of Müller, the German who was killed in the late riot; and the inquest excites a good deal of attention. The impression produced is not favorable to the conduct of the police.

PERSONAL.

The President has removed to his summer residence at the Military Asylum. His health is now perfectly restored. The pressure of business is so great that probably he will not visit the Springs this season.

The delegation of the Kaw Indians visited the President last week. They complain of intrusions by whites upon their reservations. An old chief seventy-five years of age addressed the president as "Grandfather."

James Guthrie, of Kentucky, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, arrived in this city last week, and is staying at the residence of Peter Cooper.

Mr. Douglas has made $20,000 by his gift of land for a Baptist University at Chicago; the surrounding lots having been much increased in value by the location of the University.

D. R. Eckles, of Indiana, has been commissioned as Chief Justice of the United States Court for the Territory of Utah. The United States Marshal has not yet been selected. With this exception, all the Federal appointments for that Territory are made.

The President has made the following appointments: Richard Kidder Meade, of Virginia, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Empire of Brazil, in place of William Trousdale, of Tennessee, the present incumbent. Benjamin F. Angel, of New York, Minister Resident to Sweden, in place of Francis Schroeder, of Rhode Island, recalled at his own request. Mirabeau B. Lamar, of Texas, Minister Resident to the Argentine Confederation, in place of James A. Peden, of Florida, the present incumbent. Wyman B. S. Moor, of Maine, Consul-General for the British North American Provinces, from the 1st of September next, in place of Israel D. Andrews, of Maine, resigned. William Previtt, of Ohio, Consul at Valparaiso, to fill the existing vacancy. Henry Owner, of California, Consul to the Tahiti Society Islands, in place of William H. Kelly, of Massachusetts, the present incumbent. John F. Porteous, of South Carolina, Consul at Oporto, Portugal, in place of Nicholas Pike, of New York, the present incumbent. Charles Glantz, of Pennsylvania, Consul at Stettin, Prussia, in place of Frederic Schillard, who is not a citizen of the United States. Samuel E. Fabens, Consul at Cayenne, to fill the existing vacancy. Francis M. Weems, of Florida, Consul at Santa Martha, New Granada, to fill the vacancy. James C. Dirickson, of Maryland, Commercial Agent at Apia, Navigator's Island, in place of Mr. Jenkins. Moses Jesurun, of New York, Consul at Curacoa, West Indies, to fill the vacancy. Charles E. Flandreau, Associate Justice of the United States Court for the Territory of Minnesota, in place of Pettit, resigned.

Dr. W. J. Holt, of Augusta, Georgia, has just received, through the Russian minister to this country, the "decoration" of Commander of the Imperial Order of St. Stanislaus, in consideration of his services during the campaign in the Crimea. The cross is of massive gold, and beautifully wrought. Dr. Holt was appointed member of the Order of St. Anne while still in the service of Russia; and this second compliment, now that he has left that service, testifies to the Czar's appreciation of the ability with which the surgeon's duties were discharged.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that William D. Mann was legally elected last fall to the office of District Attorney.

Judge Parker, of Albany, delivered the Address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Wayne monument at Stony Point on Thursday.

M. Godard, who ascended in a balloon at Philadelphia on the 4th, came down near Wilmington, left his assistant, and immediately ascended again, with one passenger, since which nothing has been heard of them. Of course they must have perished. Nothing has ever been heard of the aeronaut who ascended at Milan, Erie County, New York, last year, and was last seen passing toward Lake Erie.

Rev. A. H. Vinton, of Boston, declines the office of Episcopal Bishop of Texas, to which he was recently elected by the Convention of that Diocese.

The Rev. Mr. Cronyn, of London, Canada West, has been elected to the newly-erected Bishopric of Canada West. His majority was one vote. His competitor was the venerable Archdeacon of York.

Professor Mitchell, State geologist of North Carolina, is dead. He was engaged in exploring the region about the Black Mountains. He started alone from the Mountain House, intending to cross the mountains to Caney River. He did not arrive there, and search having been made for him, his body was found last week in the Cattail fork of the river. It is supposed that he was walking on the edge of a precipice, when his foot slipped, and he fell to the earth, forty feet below. To his abilities and efforts the University owes much of its present prosperity.

Colonel Frémont has been very ill, but is now convalescent.

Colonel Kinney, the filibuster, was at Ruatan on the 13th ultimo, looking for an opportunity to get home to the United States.

At the recent commencement of the Rochester University, the honorary degree of LL.D was conferred upon Governor King.

John Van Buren has recently been rusticating at the residence of his friend, Fletcher Webster, in Marshfield, Massachusetts.

Mr. Curtis (Howadji) has lately finished a new literary address upon the Higher Law and the relations of the Scholar thereto, which he is to give this month, first at Union College, next at Dartmouth, and last before the Normal School Association at Westfield.

Simeon Draper, the President of the Police Commissioners, has resigned. The remaining Commissioners will fill the vacancy.

TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS.

The national trial of reaping and mowing machines was formally opened at Syracuse on 14th, by a satisfactory exhibition of all the competing machines. Twenty mowing machines were put to work for the first trial. Governors King, of New York, and Morehead, of Kentucky, and several delegations were present. Eloquent addresses were delivered by the President and the two Governors. The second trial of mowers came off on 15th, the Manny machine with Wood's improvement again taking the palm as regards rapidity of execution. The special test, however, was in respect of power necessary to accomplish a given amount of work. This is determined by an instrument invented for the purpose, and the result has not yet been made known.

LORD NAPIER AT HARVARD.

Lord Napier, the British Embassador, was present at the Commencement at Harvard last week, and delivered a neat speech. At the close he said: "We are engaged at this moment in the extirpation of a 'root' of difference which I believe to be the last. (Great applause.) It can not be removed by one-sided and precipitate action, but it will yield to the well-adjusted efforts of mutual good-will. The views of my government are conciliatory—their declarations are sincere. The same trust may be placed in the policy and candor of the American Cabinet. But, gentlemen, our relations are not affected only by the resolutions which are taken in the temperate atmosphere of the council chamber, they are exposed to the scrutiny and commentary of those vigilant organs of opinion—the Legislature, the Public meeting, and the Press. This is not to be deplored. Those agencies are the noble and useful concomitants of a free constitution. But the powers which are accompanied by responsibilities are of a momentous character. It would be a lamentable circumstance if the honest and salutary intentions of the governments for the settlement of our last controversy should be embarrassed on either side, or in any quarter, by the asperities of unreflecting discussion or the impulses of wayward patriotism.

"I have nothing to ask from the society in which we are met, or from the cultivated and opulent community of Boston, but the continuation of their favor. Societies and communities such as these are always the great reserves of prudence and conservative feeling. But I invoke the generosity and moderation of those who are mixed in the tumult and embarked in the enterprise of everyday political life. I do not ask for silence, for silence would be darkness; and we have nothing to conceal. (Loud applause.) I ask for patience, for incredulity of evil, for confidence in good—(applause)—for that magnanimity which will be well bestowed in smoothing the path to enduring peace, when there shall be no reproaches for the past, and no jealousies for the future."

BURNING OF THE STATE ASYLUM AT UTICA.

The State Asylum at Utica was found to be on fire on 13th inst., and part of the building was consumed. An eye-witness thus describes some of the incidents—the lunatics were, of course, all brought out:

"Passing about to the rear of the building, my attention was arrested by violent curses and threats which came in a sharp, feminine voice from beneath a tree, around which a crowd was gathered. I was speedily standing in the 'inner circle' of the crowd. I beheld, not as I anticipated, a wild, haggard-looking remnant of feminine modesty, but a plain-looking, neatly-dressed, middle-aged woman, in a white bonnet, wearing a neat calico dress, and holding in her hand a book. 'I'd have you know,' she shrieked, as her eye fell on this humble reporter, 'that I can take care of myself, ye d——d brute! Ain't I old enough? Don't I know enough? say, d——n ye? I don't intend to run away, neither, do ye mind, you blasted—' and a string of oaths followed which my modest pen shrinks from recording. A neat-looking negro girl, some eighteen years old, whom I had supposed from her demeanor was an attendant, hereupon suddenly sprang up, and, clapping her hands madly, yelled, 'Go in, old gal!' and subsided again, while the poor, crazed creature resumed her torrent of Billingsgate and rage, and I resumed my walk; not, however, before noticing an old woman who sat upon a wheelbarrow swaying to and fro and moaning most mournfully. Her wail was incessant and monotonous; each groan seemed to be the expiring gasp of a dying soul.

THE SCENE IN THE GROVE.

"But what I had hitherto seen of crazed misery was a trifle compared to what was beheld on entering the grove. Perhaps fifty patients, all women, some in strait-waistcoats, and others with their hands merely tied together, were scattered in groups about, and all in a high state of excitement, consequent on the fright of the fire, and their unwonted situation in the open air, surrounded by a gaping, laughing, jeering crowd. No efforts of the keepers could keep the poor creatures still; the most that could be done was to prevent them from running away.

"Here sat a woman of a slovenly aspect, singing:

"'By-and-by, we will meet you,
By-and-by, we will meet you,
By-and-by, O, by-and-by.
We will meet you in the promised land,' &c.

"Her song was changeless, both in tone and words, but was interrupted by frequent outbreaks of subdued laughter. She seemed to think herself the cynosure of all eyes, and wore a smile of the utmost complacency.

"Near her groveled on the ground a gray-haired woman, with a Roman nose, and with a figure of much portliness. She kept up a sort of half-gibber, with her mouth agape, and rolling from side to side, striking about with her hands. She was not long allowed to lie thus in the dirt: it being found impossible to induce her to sit up, I took hold with some other gentlemen, and laid her on a bed which had been produced, and spread under a tree.

"Pacing gently to and fro, with a book clasped in her hand, a tall, thin lady (she could not have been over 25) was talking to the unheeding crowd in a tone whose touching, kindly, affectionate earnestness I have never heard equaled but from my own mother's lips. The patient pathos with which she warned the laughing crowd to beware of the judgment which delayeth not, and the undisturbed equanimity with which she smiled on, in the face of rudeness, 'touched me nearly.'

A CONTRAST.

"The next one who caught my eye specially, was as striking and horrible a contrast as perhaps could have been produced. She stood a living embodiment of rage and passion, of fierce, soul-tearing anger. Her hands were tied behind her, and a keeper was on her each side. With teeth sunk madly into her nether lip, with features working convulsively, and eyes glaring fiercely, she stood and looked about upon the crowd. Her eye met mine; it lighted up with a yet wilder frenzy; a scream rung from her lips, and she made a spring toward me. But her keepers restrained her. Then she raved! Gods! what oaths, what Billingsgate, what filth rolled from those bloated lips. 'Coward!' she yelled, 'what d—l in h—l sent ye here?' But to attempt a description of her language would be to defile the page on which I write to an extent not for a moment to be thought of. While I stood and looked at her I actually almost feared she would rupture a blood-vessel in her rage, and expire where she stood."

EXECUTION OF DORSAY.

The St. Domingo negro convicted of cutting the throat of an Irish girl, was hanged at the Tombs on 17th inst. The sentence of the prisoner to be hung by the neck until he was dead was carried out in this instance by the plainest of contrivances. Scaffold, in the exact sense of the term, there was none. Two upright posts, fifteen feet high, placed the width of the passage-way apart, supported a beam eight inches thick. The posts had at the bottom on either side a lateral brace extending down to the timbers in which they were severally set, and thus were kept firmly in their places. On one side, a box made of rough pine boards, six feet long and three feet wide, was built up as high as the top of the gallows. Into this box led the cord, the cutting of which by a person concealed in the box or closet closed the life of the prisoner. Over the beam, and slipping upon it, was the rope which connected, by a hook-and-eye fastening, with the cord which was put around the neck of the prisoner. To the end of this rope were affixed four iron weights of fifty-six pounds each—sufficient to overbalance the weight of the prisoner, and at the given signal, to tear him from the solid brick floor beneath, which in life his feet were never again to touch. These weights were held in suspense by the cord above referred to, rove through a sail-block stretching into the box we have described, where it was fastened by a cleat until the hour when, being cut, it permitted the innocent weights to do their fatal office.

BEHAVIOR OF THE CULPRIT.

During the night, before he slept, he was out in the passage-way conversing freely and laughing with the officer in attendance. He called upon John Smith, who is a prisoner in the same ward, sentenced to be hung on the 13th of August, and bid him be cheerful. He reminded him that they were both sailors; told Smith he felt for him, that he had had bad treatment, and that he had done his murder in self-defense, etc. After he woke mass was said, and he partook of the holy communion. The remaining time Father Du Ranquet remained with him. He gave to Mark Finley, one of the deputy-keepers of the prison, the following statement, which, as he could not write, was taken down from his lips. It is the same referred to in his last speech:

"City Prison, *July* 17, 1857.

"Good-morning, brothers and sisters. I am thankful to my Jesus for leaving me my health to pray to him, and prepare myself to God, and am content to meet my judgment, and I hope to meet all in heaven.

"My dear friends: I am thinking while I have been in prison that it is very hard to be hung on such slight evidence like this. The first place in this case I like to know if any body in particular on this earth, standing before me on this gallows, or before God, and say to me that I am the murderer of this girl, or to say that they saw me speaking to this girl any time in my life? I wish to let you all know how my trouble came about this girl or this murder. I gave a statement of it to the Governor first, and then to the reporter of the New York *Tribune*, and he gave me a statement of it as I told him, and it was correct.

"I am resigned to my fate and my death with Christian fortitude, and die in the grace of God. I am happy in religion and I am content, and I forgive every one in this world. I am going to meet my Judge; he is above all earthly judges, and I hope he will forgive me for all the sin I ever did, and I hope to meet you all in heaven. Farewell, brothers and sisters.

(Signed) "John Dorsay."

At fifteen minutes before ten o'clock the prisoner was brought out to be hanged. He was clad in a pair of black pantaloons, white stockings, but no vest or coat. The black cap hung loosely from his head, and his arms were bound behind him. He was told that he was now to be hung, and there was leave given for him to speak. The following was his last speech:

"My friends, peoples, and gentlemen: This is last time I go to speak to you before I die; I said good many things with paper—good many things in the newspapers. [He referred to the statement he had given in writing to Finley, which is printed above.] Fare ye well! fare ye well! (beckoning, with the cross held in his hand, to those officers around him whom he recognized, and shaking hands with every one.) I no speak much English. I am going to my Father; I am going to die—this is the last time I speak to you. After I was tried I shouted three times for the Kingdom of Heaven, and now I shout again three cheers. I thank all the officers, for they were kind to me."

A CARGO OF IRISH GIRLS.

A company of seventy Irish girls passed through Detroit on their way to the West, a day or two since, accompanied by an Irish gentleman, who had them in charge, and had brought them all the way from Ireland. They were a fine-looking lot of girls, from sixteen to eighteen years of age, and intend to make the West their homes, and of course are ready to marry, but are willing to work and earn their living until the time arrives when they will get a husband. They are to earn money sufficient to pay the expense of bringing them over, and return it to the benevolent gentleman who took the expense upon himself, the first thing; after that they will be at liberty to indulge in ribbons and hoops, if they choose. The girls are all of a working class, being somewhat of the better class of emigrants. Father Hennessy, of Detroit, selected thirteen of the number and took upon himself the task of finding homes for them. They came through by railroad from New York. The various roads along the route showed their gallantry by providing them with first-class cars to ride in, although the tickets were emigrant tickets. There is room on the Western prairies for all such cargoes that can be brought to the country.

A SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.

The daughter of Governor Marcy passed the 4th of July in the family of an acquaintance in Troy. She formed one of a circle of friends, including ladies and gentlemen, at the house during the day. While all the others were in cheerful spirits, it was observed in the forenoon that Miss Marcy appeared to be depressed in mind. So obvious was this to her companions that it was made the subject of remark, when she said her mind was unaccountably impressed with the fear that a signal calamity had overtaken some members of her family. Early in the afternoon the news of the death of Governor Marcy reached Troy; and it was known to gentlemen composing the party in which Miss Marcy was some time before it was communicated to her. While the gentlemen were in a room by themselves, discussing the manner of conveying to the daughter the sad intelligence, and before she could by any means have received the least intimation of the event, she suddenly threw her handkerchief over her face, and, evidently in deep grief, retired alone up stairs.

A MORMON BAPTISM.

A Mormon elder has been doing a brisk business at Holyoke in proselytizing among the fair sex. On Tuesday evening he was seen, with some half a dozen young women, wending his way down to the river below the swing ferry. Our informant, alive to the prospect of seeing some fun, crawled carefully along, under cover of the bushes, to within a few feet of the party. It soon became evident that the Mormon rite of baptism was there, under the mellow light of the moon, to be administered. After a short prayer, the elder and his converts entered upon the ceremony before them, by laying off all their garments with the exception of a certain unmentionable nether one, and one after another received a dipping at his hands. After coming out of the water, each removed her wet garment, and stood forth in all the unrestrained freedom, if not in the blissful innocence of glorious old Eden. They soon donned again their customary apparel, satisfied, no doubt, that by this time they were far above the liability of committing sin, and that by becoming subsequently "pickled," as a Mormon preacher recently said all true followers must, they would be happy forever.

A MAN-EATER AT NAHANT.

A shark, weighing nine hundred pounds, was caught off Nahant, on 15th instant, by a party of amateur fishermen. We have the following facts touching the monster of the deep from Professor Agassiz:

"A very remarkable shark was caught this morning off Nahant, and is now lying on the steamboat wharf. The species is known to the fishermen by the name of Man-eater. It belongs to the genus *Carcharodon*, and is particularly interesting to naturalists as a living representative of those huge sharks, the teeth of which are found in a fossil state in the tertiary beds of the Middle States and at Martha's Vineyard. Strange as it may seem, this genus has not yet been mentioned among the sharks living upon our coast. LOUIS AGASSIZ.

"NAHANT, *July* 15, 1857."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

IN reply to Lord Ellenborough in the Lords, and Mr. Disraeli in the Commons, Government has expressed the opinion that the outbreak in India will be quickly overcome. Lord Brougham has drawn attention to the scheme of the French Government for obtaining free laborers from Africa. Lord Clarendon replied, but said nothing. Lord Lyndhurst and other peers have protested against those clauses in the Divorce Bill which deny a divorce to the wife of an adulterous husband. Mr. Roebuck's motion for the abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant in Ireland was rejected by the House of Commons, on the 7th instant, by 266 votes against 151.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Two railways have been making havoc among the Queen's subjects—the North Kent killing and maiming; the line between Wigan and Liverpool only bruising and shaking. In both cases the disaster is ascribed to the negligence of servants. This is not the only country, it seems, where life is cheap.

A CAUSE CELEBRE.

The great case of Miss Smith who is being tried for the murder of her lover, by poisoning him with arsenic, has come on at Edinburgh. The appearance of the prisoner is thus described: "Madeleine Smith, or Madeleine Hamilton Smith, the prisoner, a very young lady of short stature and slight form, with features sharp and prominent, and restless and sparkling eye, stepped up the stair into the dock with all the buoyancy with which she might have entered the box of a theatre. During the whole day she maintained a firm and unmoved appearance, her keen and animated expression and healthful complexion evincing how little, outwardly at least, she had suffered by the period of her imprisonment and the horror of her situation. Though on once looking round a dark vail was thrown over her face, the interest she took in the proceedings was yet evident. Her head never sank for a moment, and she even seemed to scan the witnesses with a scrutinizing glance. Her perfect self-possession, indeed, could only be accounted for either by a proud consciousness of innocence, or by her possessing an almost unparalleled amount of self-control. She even sometimes smiled with all the air and grace of a young lady in the drawing-room, as her agents came forward at intervals to communicate with her. She had lavender-colored gloves, a white cambric handkerchief, a silver-topped smelling-bottle in her hand, which she never used, and a wrapper thrown over her knee. Altogether she had a very attractive appearance."

THE CHARGE.

The indictment charged Madeleine Smith, or Madeleine Hamilton Smith, with wickedly and feloniously administering arsenic, or some other poison, with intent to murder, as also with murder, in so far as, 1st, on the 19th or 20th days of February last, in the house in Blitheswood Square, Glasgow, occupied by James Smith, her father, she did wickedly and feloniously administer to, or cause to be taken by, Emile L'Angelier, or Pierre Emile L'Angelier, now deceased, a quantity or quantities of arsenic, or other poison, to the prosecutor unknown, in cocoa or coffee, or some other article or articles of food or of drink unknown, or in some other manner, with intent to murder the said Emile L'Angelier; and that he, having taken the said arsenic or other poison, did suffer severe illness; 2d, on the 22d or 23d of February she did administer arsenic or other poison; and, 3d, on the 22d or 23d of March (Sunday or Monday), in the house in Blytheswood Square aforesaid, she did administer to, or cause to be taken by, the said Emile L'Angelier, in some other article or articles of food or drink to the prosecutor unknown, or in some other manner to the prosecutor unknown, a quantity or quantities of arsenic or other poison, and the said Emile L'Angelier having taken the said poison, died on the 23d of March, and was thus murdered by the said Madeleine Smith.

The prisoner, in a low, firm voice, pleaded not guilty.

The evidence proved that the death of the deceased had been caused by arsenic, and that the prisoner had bought that poison to use as a cosmetic. The case is still on. It creates great excitement, as Miss Smith was one of the reigning belles of Glasgow.

THE QUEEN AND THE AUTHORS.

Her Majesty has expressed a desire, through Colonel Phipps, to Mr. Charles Dickens, to witness the performance of the play of the *Frozen Deep*, which has been announced at the Gallery of Illustration, for the benefit of the widow of the late Douglas Jerrold. Her Majesty wished Mr. Dickens and his admirable *troupe* of private performers to enact the play at Windsor Castle. Mr. Dickens replied on his own part, and on that of the gentlemen associated with him, that he would be most happy to perform at the palace, if the social status and position of himself and his colleagues could be recognized on the occasion. In other words, these gentlemen, having their own notions of the dignity of literature, required to be treated as gentlemen. The Queen invites painters to her table—why not novelists and poets? If for any reason this was not convenient to her Majesty, it was intimated that the gentlemen would be delighted to perform before the Queen at the Gallery of Illustration, instead of at the palace. The result has been that Mr. Dickens and his friends do not go to Windsor, but that the Queen and Court come to the Gallery of Illustration.

A FRACAS IN COURT.

A laughable scene occurred lately in the Rolls Court. A well-known eccentric applicant appealed to the master respecting a certain judgment in the case of "Young *vs.* Hassard." The master refused to hear him, and after much discussion and improper behavior on the part of Mr. Hassard, ordered two constables to take him into custody:

They came forward to the place where he was standing. He apparently entered into parley with them; but while they were expostulating with him, and before they had laid hands on him, he made a sudden dive under the table, and disappeared amidst the laughter of all the spectators. On Hassard's sudden disappearance the business of the court had been resumed, and Mr. Hughes, Q. C., was addressing the court, until he was obliged to throw down his brief convulsed with laughter. The hero of a hundred legal battles flying along, still under the table, from the policeman who was in pursuit of him, had seized the eminent Queen's counsel by the legs. On this circumstance becoming known, the bar, the spectators, and even the ordinarily immovable gravity of the learned judge, were overcome. Nor were the sounds that issued from under the table of a character that tended to diminish the ludicrousness of the scene. Kicks and plunges might be heard, mingled with such exclamations as these sounding through the wood, like the conversation of Gallagher, the ventriloquist, with the people in the street: "Let me go!"—"That's not fair!"—"This isn't justice!"—"I'm getting no fair play!" At length he was fairly caught, and carried away captive to cool his ardor at the station-house.

FRANCE.

THE SECOND ELECTIONS.

The second elections in the three Paris constituencies which did not make a choice at the late election came off on 5th and 6th, and the three Republican candidates were elected, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Government. The following is the definitive result:

Districts.	Opposition Candidates.		Gov't Candidates.	
Third…	Gen. Cavaignac.	10,950	M. Thibaut…	9,252
Fourth…	M. Ollivier……	11,005	M. Varen……	10,006
Seventh	M. Darimon….	12,079	M. Lanquetin.	11,038

The result is regarded as a serious defeat for the Government.

MORE ROYAL VISITS.

The Paris *Moniteur* announces that the Emperor and Empress will shortly visit Queen Victoria at Osborne, confining their stay in England to that locality, and maintaining the strictest incognito. On the other hand, the London *Morning Post* announces that it is the intention of the Emperor and Empress of the French to visit the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in the course of the next six weeks. The Count de Nieuerkerke, having received the instructions of the Emperor to attend the Exhibition and report upon its contents, was specially admitted the other day, during the visit of her Majesty and the Royal Family, and expressed himself extremely gratified with the result. The Emperor and Empress will probably sojourn in Manchester two days.

THE EMPEROR RUSTICATING.

The Emperor arrived at Plombières on 26th ultimo, at a quarter to seven, in a simple calèche with the ordinary postillions from the poste aux chevaux, having Generals Espinasse and Fleury, his aids-de-camp, and Captain Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, orderly officer, seated in the carriage with him. In fact, this important arrival differed from that of the veriest bourgeois only in the appearance, half an hour before, of a courier in the imperial livery, who galloped in to announce the Emperor's coming. The crowd in the streets was immense, and the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" incessant. The carriage was obliged to proceed at a walking pace, so dense was the assemblage of people. His Majesty saluted repeatedly, and seemed much pleased at the animated scene before him.

The apartments occupied by his Majesty are composed, on the first floor, of two saloons, one large and one small, adjoining each other, and of a dining-room large enough to accommodate thirty persons. These three rooms, which are very richly ornamented, look on a small parterre, which might be converted into a ball-room by placing a movable floor on the grass plot. This will, it is said, be frequently done, as the Emperor appears disposed to give a number of *fêtes*. On the second floor there are only three rooms. The bedroom of his Majesty is large, and well fitted up. By its side is a small room, which is to serve as the cabinet for M. Mocquard, and adjoining to it is the cabinet of the Emperor. From the window of this last-named room there is a most extensive view along the valley. The present habitation of the Emperor is certainly more commodious than that which he had last year.

THE EMPEROR AND THE STONE-CUTTER.

M. Mocquard, private secretary of the Emperor, is at present building a country-house at the village of Montretout, near St. Cloud. A few evenings back, one of the workmen was employed in sawing a large block of stone. Every one knows the nature of such work—pushing backward and forward an enormous saw, which slowly cuts its way through the stone. The man had shut his eyes, and, fatigued with a long day's work, was half-asleep over his saw, when the instrument suddenly received a vigorous impulse from the other side, and the workman, raising his head, perceived a well-dressed gentleman pushing the saw. "What are you doing there?" said the workman, in a tone of ill-humor. "Can you not let a man do his work quietly?" "Do not annoy yourself, my good friend," replied the stranger, "I only wanted to give you a helping hand." "Helping hand," said the workman, "very fine! Do you suppose that a stone can be sawed in that way by the first person that comes up? Come, get out of my way." "Just as you please," said the gentleman, and he moved away, shaking the white dust from his gloves. That action called forth from the workman the exclamation of "Gloves! He wants to saw stones with gloves on!" At the same time, he perceived the stranger join a group of gentlemen who were standing at a little distance. A moment after, one of them came up to the workman, and, putting a double napoleon into his hand, said, "The Emperor sends you this." "The Emperor!" cried the workman. "What! it was!" and hurrying toward the gentleman whom he had so badly received, he cried out, with great emotion, "Mon Empereur! Mon Empereur! I did not know you. Ah! you can saw the stone as long as ever you like!—pardon me, mon Empereur!" The Emperor, for it was he, replied, with a smile, "Very well! my good fellow, go back to your work; and another time be somewhat less rough in your manner to the *pauvre monde* who address you."

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR.

It is beyond a doubt, although the fact has been strenuously and repeatedly denied in England, that the recent arrest of some Italians in Paris was connected with the discovery of a plot to assassinate the Emperor. The police had wind of the matter as long ago as the month of April, but they could learn nothing certain till June 13, on which day seven of the alleged conspirators, all Italians, were arrested and lodged *au secret* in Mazas prison, where they now are. Poniards, revolvers, and other arms were found in their possession. They had also conical bullets, tipped with steel, and apt to pierce through a coat of mail. The number of the conspirators is said to be ten. It is not thought that the men now in Mazas will be publicly tried. M. Valade, an agent of Ledru Rollin, who came to France lately on an electioneering mission, was discovered and arrested in the provinces a day or two before the general elections. He was brought to Paris, in custody, on Saturday last.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS CHARLATAN.

The most celebrated and the most successful charlatan of Paris—Mengin, the itinerant pencil-seller—is just dead, and has left behind him a fortune of 400,000 francs. No one can have passed many days in Paris, within the last ten years, without having observed on the Place de la Bourse, the Place du Chatelet, the Place de la Madelaine, or some other open space, the conspicuous figure of a tall, handsome man, with a brass helmet and plumes, and a beard—the very model of that of Hudibras, "in shape and hue most like a tile"—standing on the box of a light cart, and haranguing a crowd. He wore a costly mantle of green velvet embroidered with gold, and on the fingers of his white hands were many rings of great price. Behind him was a squire, who from time to time blew a trumpet to attract public attention, and whose garments were only less splendid than those of his master. The only end and aim of all this pomp and circumstance was the sale of lead-pencils at two sous apiece. Mengin possessed in a high degree the art of commanding the attention of his audience. The laughs he raised were rare, but his face was full of promise of something good coming, and thus he kept alive curiosity.

Though his speeches took a long time in the delivery, he was essentially a man of few words. He made long pauses, which were filled up by pantomime, and making grotesque sketches on a slate, to show the quality of his pencils. The substance of every one of his discourses was, that he had originally set up in a quiet shop, but finding that he could not get a living in it, he had resolved to become a quack, and that from the hour of his taking that resolution he had done well. "Why," he would say, "do I fig myself up in this ludicrous costume? I will tell you candidly. Because going about in this dress I sell a great many pencils, and if I staid at home in a warehouse coat I should sell very few. I am a quack, I admit, but I am an honest one, for I sell a good article; and if you want a pencil, I doubt whether you will get as good a one any where else for the money." The speech was always followed by numerous demands, which he supplied from cases packed in the body of the cart. Of late he was wont to speak of the large fortune he had made, and he would not unfrequently turn out the contents of several *rouleaux* of gold, and count them in the public view. He was a remarkably healthy-looking man, and could not have been more than forty years old; but he was carried off by a fit of apoplexy.

STOCK COMPANIES IN PARIS.

The Court of Assizes has been occupied with the trial of a man whose restless activity might have deserved a better fate. Lebarbier, it appeared, and a man named Soulé, got up a company for acting as brokers in the leather trade, and fixed the capital of it at 200,000 francs in shares; they succeeded in getting money from shareholders, or running into debt, to the amount of 76,000 francs, after which the company was declared bankrupt, and Soulé disappeared. The jury declared Lebarbier guilty, and the court condemned him to five years' imprisonment. In the course of the trial a curious account was given of the man: He, it was stated, had a perfect monomania for getting up commercial companies in shares of the most extravagant character; and what was more extraordinary, he had great facility in making dupes. Thus, in 1843, he founded what was called a "Popular Bank," with the enormous capital of 500,000,000 francs, and established in connection with it an insurance office against the conscription. The bank failed, and the swindled shareholders having complained of him, he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. While in jail he founded what he called a "Public and Mortgage Bank," with a capital of 5,000,000 francs, and a newspaper called the *Emulation*; but bank and newspaper failed, and he was declared guilty of swindling for his part in them, and again condemned to three years' imprisonment. In 1847 he started a bank, with a capital of 25,000,000 francs, for assuring life incomes to aged persons; but this also was a swindling transaction, and it brought on him a new condemnation to three years' imprisonment. On his release he went to Havre, where he started in the leather trade, with a capital of 500,000 francs, but he failed. Then he embarked in the affair of Soulé, and while he had that on his hands, he got up a company with a capital of 200,000 francs, for what he called the "St. Marcel Leather Docks," a "Discount Company for the Faubourg St. Marcel," with an unlimited capital, and a newspaper called the *Peaussier*, devoted to the interests of the leather trade.

A PARIS DINNER.

The following account of a Paris dinner is contained in a letter to the *Tribune:*

"There were only ten at table, which was oval, and the hostess sitting at the middle of one side. The centre ornament was—not an expensive silver epergne, as you might have seen on some more extravagant table—but a large pyramid of beautiful camelias, roses, and violets, buried in fresh-looking green moss, with here and there peeping out a little pot of ripe strawberries—for it was February, and they were then a rarity—the whole rising from a low, brown wicker basket. The china—that is, the plates, for no dishes were placed on the table, as the waiters, who numbered only two, handed every dish, it being first well-carved on a side-table—the china was admirable for solidity and beauty; the color was dark blue and gold. The glasses were four to each person; and one in particular of fine and slender shape, was exquisitely ornamented with a garland of leaves and grapes; this, I observed, was kept for the best wine. After the soup, which had rice in it, and was flavored with tomato, there was placed on the table opposite the hostess a large silver salver, covered with a damask napkin, on which lay a splendid turbot entire, so large that it covered the silver to the edge. It looked so enormous that I thought of a small whale. All thoughts, however, of such coarse and oily creatures vanished at once when, on helping myself to a piece of this fine white-looking fish-meat, and adding the sauce, which was creamy and a little acid, the delicious turbot melted in the mouth. Then came pungent radishes, which are a French appetizer, and cold spiced sausage, cut in slices; and good red wine was served to all. After small, rich oyster patés was served the fillet of beef, with a mushroom sauce, and accompanied by simple potatoes. Then lamb chops, dressed with bread crumbs, and accompanied by boiled green peas. Next, roast turkey, with the above-mentioned extraordinary sauce, and a dish of sweetbread of veal cooked in a simple but most satisfying manner; and finally lettuce, dressed only with oil and vinegar, and a little parsley cut up fine. With each different course, of course a different wine was brought, Champagne being the dessert, which was only the best and most delicate ice-cream; then fruits, both fresh and candied, and green sugared chestnuts, which are a favorite French bon-bon. Finally, black coffee, served in cups and saucers, each different in style and pattern; and after the liqueurs and sweet cordials, we all, both ladies and gentlemen, left the table and went to the drawing-room. I thought as we came home I never fancied a dinner could be so complete; yet with nothing *very* expensive, nothing showy or elaborate, yet every dish was finished, and the whole artistically perfect."

PERSECUTION OF PROTESTANTS IN FRANCE.

The trial of three Protestants, MM. Massy, Rambaud, and Ledoux, of Tonzac (Charente-Inférieure), for having been present at a meeting consisting of more than twenty persons, held without authorization of Government, took place some weeks ago. M. Massy was, moreover, charged with having publicly insulted a curé, and with having turned the Roman Catholic religion into contempt. The *Siècle* now offers a detailed account of the proceedings which led to the trial. That journal says: "M. Massy has been invited by M. Rambaud, a farmer, to visit him and to read the Scriptures to his family. On the day appointed M. Massy, not having a horse at hand, gave up the projected visit. But he subsequently met M. Ledoux, a tradesman, who offered to drive him to the house of Rambaud. On arriving there, they found that the family, after having waited for some time, had dispersed in the field, and were engaged in their usual occupations. But the youngest son ran off to fetch his parents, and in the mean while a considerable crowd of persons, numbering more than a hundred, flocked into the house and court-yard, in order to listen to the words of M. Massy. The latter, surprised at the number around him, demanded the cause, and was then informed that the curé of the parish had on the preceding Sunday announced from the pulpit that a leopard, devouring all that it encountered, was prowling about the country; that the ferocious beast would probably appear in his parish, but that he should decidedly go to meet it on its arrival; then, dropping the metaphor, the curé added that the leopard was a landowner of the name of Massy. The crowd had, consequently, assembled in order to witness the encounter between the curé and the leopard. M. Massy contented himself with reading, without comment, the 23d chapter of St. Matthew, in order, as he said, to prove to the audience that religion is holy, in spite of the faults committed by those who teach it. A person present asked M. Massy if he believed in the Virgin; upon which he replied: 'The miraculous conception of our Lord Jesus Christ is a mystery I worship; no woman has so many claims on our veneration as the Virgin Mary, because she was chosen by God to conceive the Saviour of the world.' 'But,' said another party, 'We are told that the Protestants believe that the Virgin had other children, and that she did not always remain young?' M. Massy, in reply, read the chapter of St. Mark, where it is recorded that Jesus had four brothers, named James, Joseph, Judas, and Simon, and several sisters; and he reminded his hearers that, at the time of the crucifixion, the Saviour was thirty-three years of age. In returning home, M. Massy met the curé, who thus addressed him: 'I have already said, and I repeat to you, what St. Polycarp said to Marcion—You are a demon vomited from hell for the misfortune of the country.' A lively dispute followed, but the provocation was not on the side of M. Massy."

RETIREMENT OF RACHEL.

Mademoiselle Rachel has positively and definitely resigned her place at the Théâtre-Français. It appears that one of the most disastrous consequences of her illness is that her voice is so changed that she no longer has the power to regulate its emission. Sometimes when she desires to speak low it escapes in involuntary bursts of sound, and if she wishes to enunciate with force—to give, for instance, the *Sortez* of Bajazet—she is not sure that her voice may not fail her all at once. Under these circumstances she has herself placed her resignation in the hands of M. Empis.

ASTONISHING POLITICAL ARDOR.

In the electoral district represented by M. de Cassagnac the eagerness of the voters appears to have surpassed every thing known in ancient or modern history, and he records several traits of electioneering heroism: "In the chief town of my canton an infirm father presented himself at the poll with his three sons, and said, 'I have never before felt so much happiness in having many children.' An old soldier of the Empire afflicted with blindness was led to the poll and gave in his vote. In a neighboring commune all the registered voters voted on the Sunday, with the exception of six who were ill. On the Monday these six voters caused themselves to be transported to the poll on carts."

ANOTHER CAPITALIST GONE.

The Paris *Presse* states that a Baron de B——, who lost his fortune by speculations on the Bourse, and who subsequently raised money on bills, drove, on 5th of July, from the Rue de Rivoli, where he occupied a handsome apartment, to Notre Dame, where he committed suicide by throwing himself from the tower. He held in his hand a summons which he had received from the Procureur Imperial answer to a charge of forgery. His body was conveyed to the Morgue.

GERMANY.

FIFTY MARRIAGEABLE PRINCESSES.

A German newspaper, the *Brunswick Gazette*, states, in a late number, that there exist at the present moment—not in the whole world, not even in Europe, but in Germany alone—fifty princesses of an age to marry. The above journal does not say whether there are an equal number of marriageable princes, and our knowledge of reigning families is too limited to enlighten us on this point; but a person who is well up in his "Almanac de Gotha" assures us that the number of princes is far inferior to that of princesses, and that not more than twenty princes of Europe have attained or surpassed their eighteenth year. We thus behold some thirty young, and doubtless beautiful, princesses, with more or less Royal blood flowing in their veins, placed in the cruel alternative of remaining old maids or of marrying plain nobles or country squires. For some time past we remark that the daughters of nobles and country squires do not fear committing a mésalliance by marrying enriched *parvenus;* and we inquire with horror if the princely and aristocratic races are thus to lose themselves, and become confounded in the great democratic whirlwind which invades modern society like a spring-tide. We detect in the fact of fifty marriageable princesses existing alone in Germany a symptom of decline which we humbly submit to the attention of persons who dream of reorganizing society on its ancient basis, who wish to re-establish the right of primogeniture, etc. If out of fifty princesses there are thirty who run the risk of marrying simple mortals, what becomes of the good old principles? Are the privileges of birth about to disappear? May the Heavens preserve Germany from so profound an evil! In order, therefore, to conjure the latter, we beg to acquaint all the other princes of the universe that fifty German princesses are of age to marry.

THE LAST ADVERTISING TRICK.

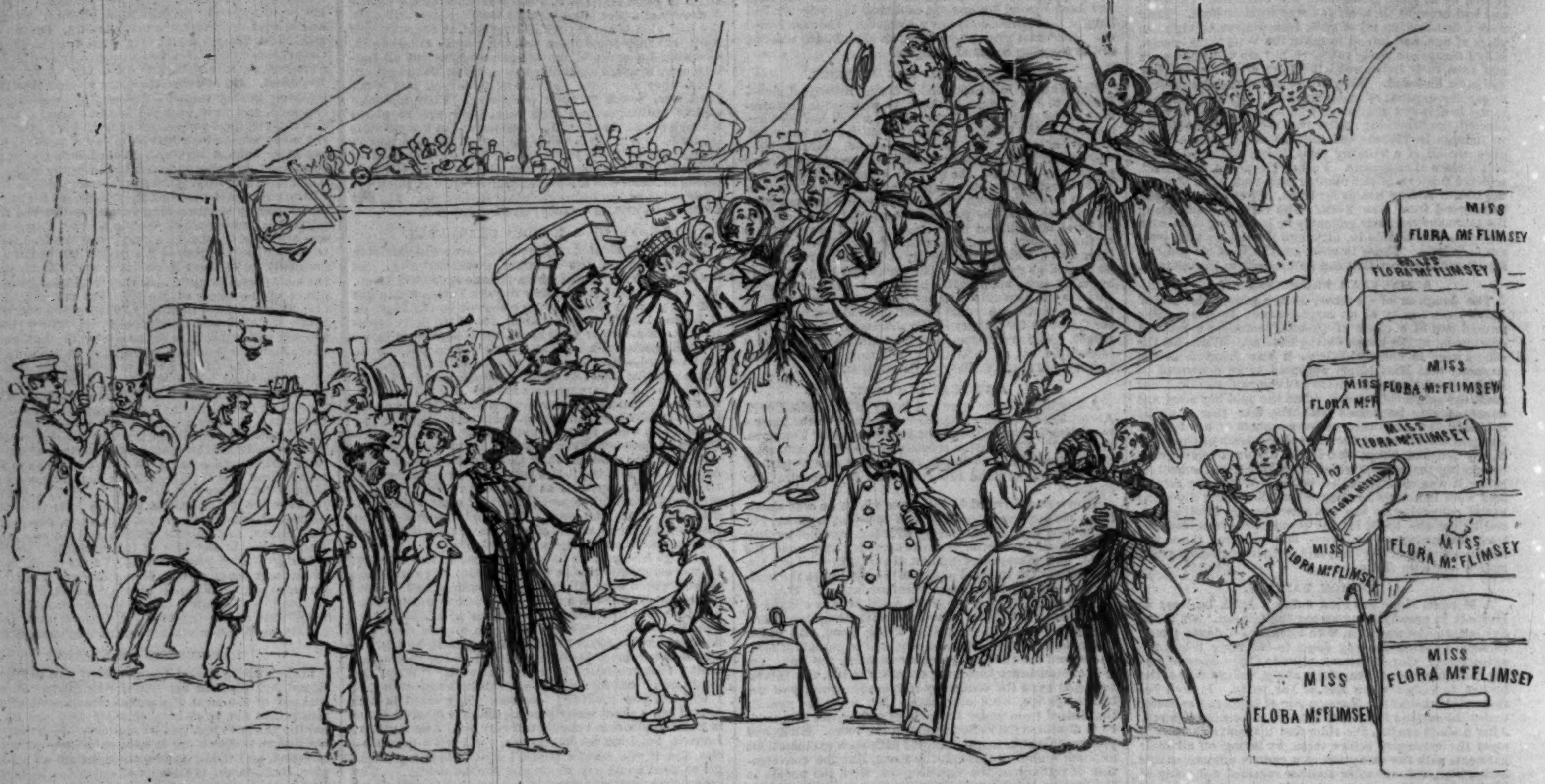
A shopkeeper of Vienna lately put up in his window a notice, declaring that "the proprietor of the establishment wished to enter into the marriage-state with a well-conducted young woman or a young widow." "Since then," some of the local journals state, "it is quite inconceivable what a number of women of every age enter the shop to make purchases, but the would-be Benedict has not yet made his choice."

HOW HUMBOLDT SPENDS HIS TIME.

A visitor to the famous Humboldt says: "It may be interesting to learn how this great naturalist spends his time. Humboldt rises at about half-past eight o'clock; at breakfast he reads his letters, which he generally answers immediately. There is perhaps no letter-writer so punctual as he, though very few persons have so large a correspondence to all parts of the world. After this he dresses with the aid of his *valet de chambre*, to receive and announce visitors, or to make visits himself until two o'clock. At three o'clock he goes to the royal palace, where he generally dines, if he does not invite himself to dine with some family of his acquaintance. He remains mostly at Alexander Mendelssohn's, in whose house he lives. At seven o'clock in the evening he usually returns to his home. He then goes to the court or in society, from which he returns at about midnight. Now is his real and best time for working; in the profound, nightly silence, he writes his immortal works, often in summer until the day shines through the windows. It is always three o'clock in the morning when this juvenile old man thinks of allowing a short rest to his almost ninety years old body, to gain the necessary power for the new day's work. Indeed we think this a strange story, and still every word of it is true.

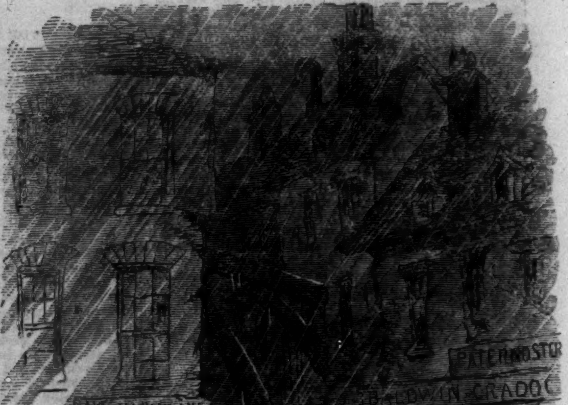
"Humboldt has no family of his own—his nearest relations being the sons and daughters of his excellent brother William, for whom he has a touching fraternal regard. 'You should have known my brother,' says he, with amiable modesty; 'he was always the most talented of us two brothers.'"

GOING TO EUROPE.



MR. ROE AND FAMILY BID ADIEU TO THEIR BELOVED COUNTRY.

MR. ROE BEGINS TO SEE THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.



THE ROE PARTY SLIGHTLY DISGUSTED BY PATERNOSTER ROW.

OUR friend Mr. Roe, Mrs. Roe, young Theodore Roe, and his sister, Miss Maria Juniata Roe, leave in the *Arago* for Europe. Part of their baggage has been sent on before—that is to say, twenty-three of Miss Roe's trunks, seven of her band-boxes, and thirteen large packages belonging to her mamma. It is not their first visit to Europe. They crossed last year, and, as Mr. Roe remarks, gave themselves a "*Europian*" polish which they now propose to varnish by a second visit.

Miss Maria Juniata Roe—a young lady, we may observe, of remarkable personal attractions, a brilliant talker, and a divine musician—is likewise an artist. She amused herself by sketching the adventures of her family during their visit to Europe, and inclosed the sketches to us with the following note:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As I see that you would like to have sketches from all parts of the world, I send you a few which I made on our last trip to Europe. It would gratify our set exceedingly to see them published in your admirable periodical. [A very sensible person.—ED. *Harper's Weekly.*] I think you will admit they are creditable. [We do.] Monsieur Horace Vernet assured me that they ought to be sent to the Exposition; but mamma objects to my exposing myself, which she considers unladylike.

If you publish them, which I flatter myself you will do in your very next number, please send copies of your paper to the Emperor Napoleon (who was so kind to us and talked French to mamma, though she couldn't speak a word of the language); also to Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, and Mr. Macaulay, who, as you will perceive, are given (*d'après* a description by papa) in one of the sketches. You may also send a copy to A—— [A name appears to have been written here and carefully erased.—ED. *Harper's Weekly.*]. As we leave in the *Arago*, please forward a dozen copies to papa, Hotel du Louvre, Paris, and oblige

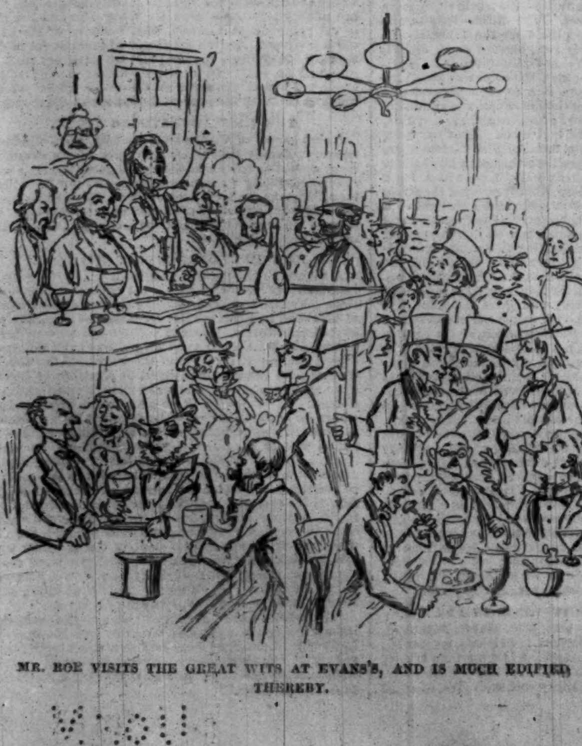
Your ever grateful contributor,

MARIA JUNIATA ROE.

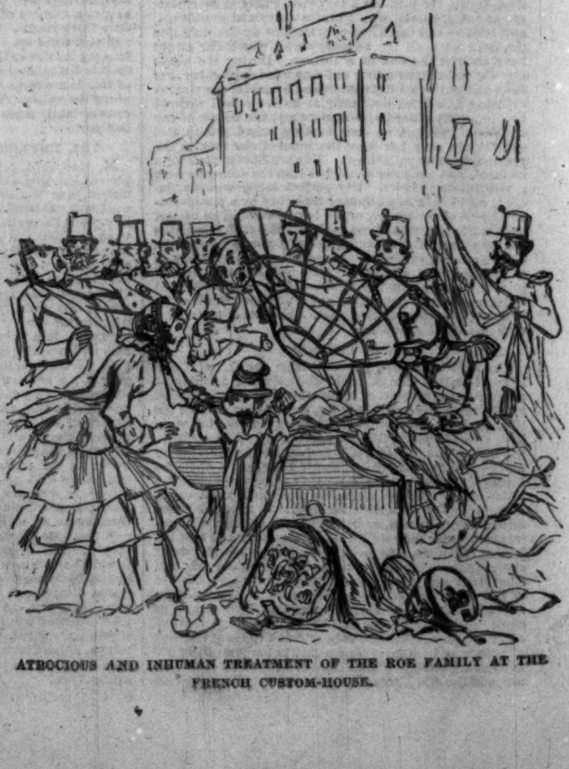
P.S. On second thoughts you— [Here follows another erasure; indeed, a pen appears to have been run through the whole postscript.—ED. *Harper's Weekly.*]

P.P.S. Perhaps you might as well send a copy addressed "Augustus," Broadway Post-office.

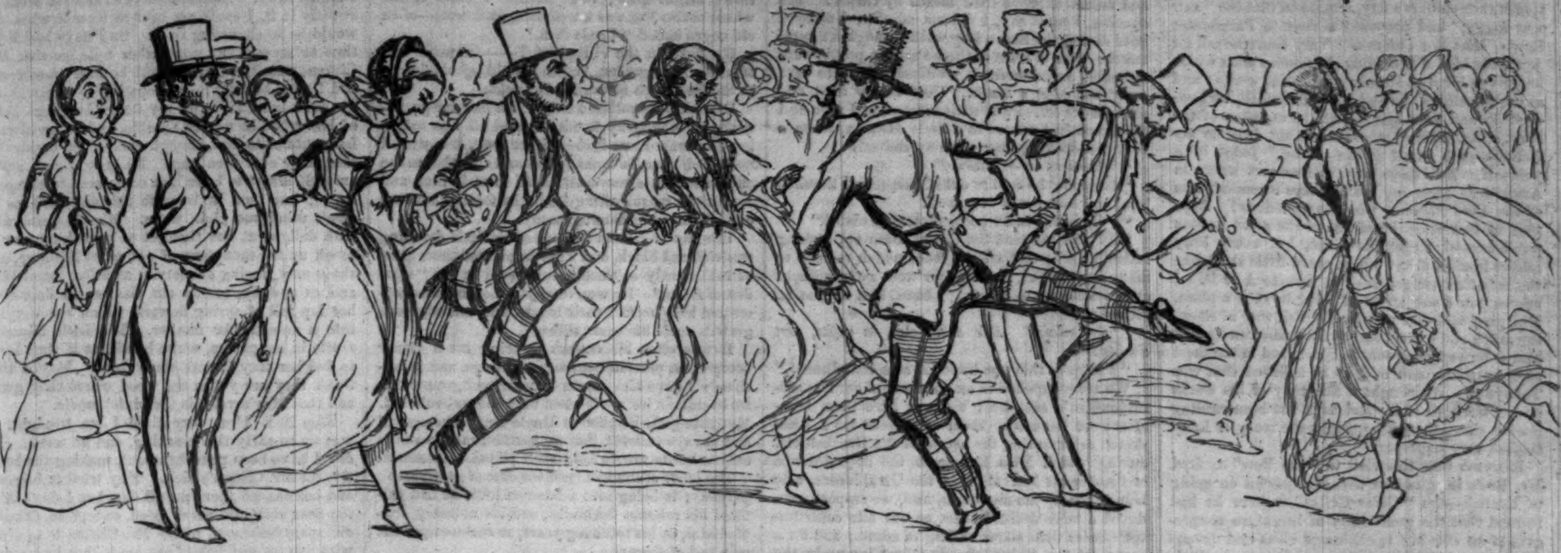
Accompanying the sketches were some explanatory notes, from which we gather that the embarkation of the Roe family on board the steamer last year was a severe and trying operation. Roe *pére*, in an ill-advised but well-meant attempt to descend the gangway in search of Mrs. R.'s fourth carpet-bag, was transfixed by the umbrella of a Scotch commercial traveler, whom neither the absurdity of hoping to pierce so substantial a body as Roe's with an umbrella, nor the imploring entreaties of Mrs. Roe, could avail to mollify or arrest. Happily, in the midst of his scandalous enterprise, he was himself assaulted by a person of his own class (in the hammer-and-tongs line), who, recklessly descending the gangway on the heads of the passengers, missed his footing when he came to the Scotchman and extinguished him. These and other little adventures, in Miss Roe's language, "stamped the scene" on her memory. She had the pleasure of seeing on the wharf her dearest friend, Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square; "that dear girl," says Miss Roe, "who has been so unwarrantably and impudently libeled by an obscure and heartless writer in a publication which I (Miss R.) had always till then considered respectable;" she was going to Paris with a mere nothing of baggage in search of something to wear. Young Louis Tremain, a particular friend of hers, was accompanied to the boat by an aunt, who insisted on kissing him in so public and overwhelming a manner that the poor boy didn't recover the embrace for a week. Another friend—a Wall Street man, "whom papa had often recommended to me as an unexceptionable match—just like papas"—was "detained" by the police in consequence of some stock difficulties—



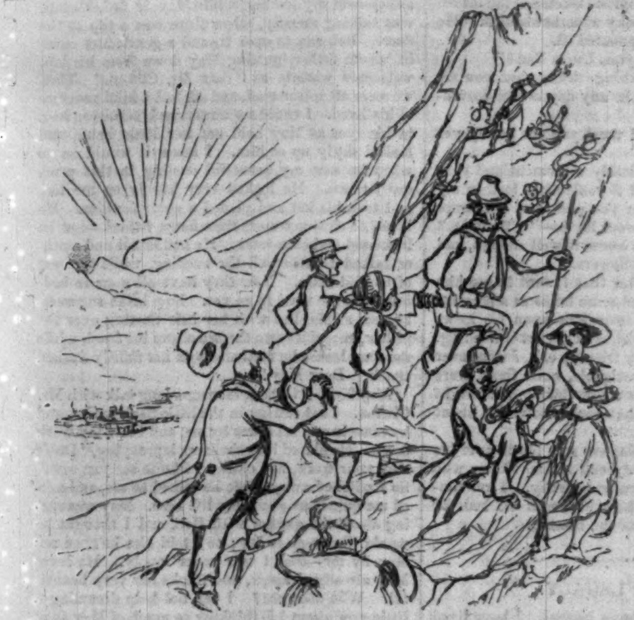
MR. ROE VISITS THE GREAT WITS AT EVANS'S, AND IS MUCH EDIFIED THEREBY.



ATROCIOUS AND INHUMAN TREATMENT OF THE ROE FAMILY AT THE FRENCH CUSTOM-HOUSE.



MR. ROE SEES GOOD SOCIETY AT THE COUNTESS OF MABILLE'S.

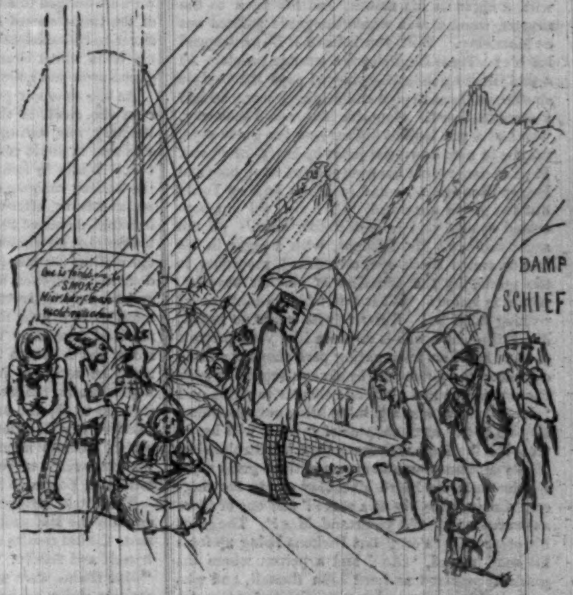


THE LADIES ARE HELPED UP THE DRACHENFELS.

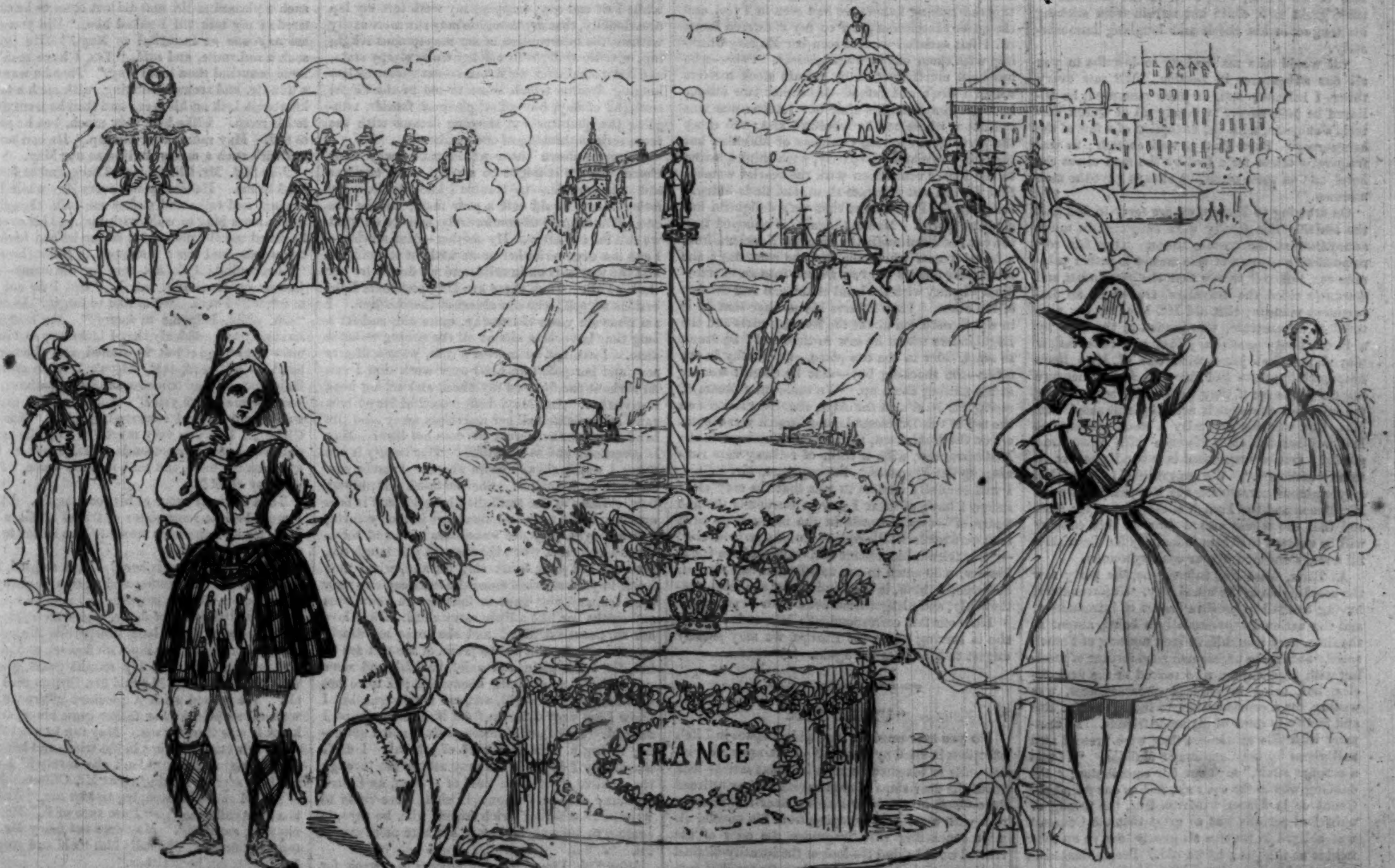
"'some kind of an issue,' papa said, though what that means, or why it is an affair for the police to meddle with, I don't know."

These casualties deprived Miss Roe of two reliable cavaliers. She rather hints than confesses that she found the voyage slow, though they crossed in ten days; and we gather from some innuendoes that the only flirtation she had was with an Irishman, who declared that he had a castle and park at Ballymacshivereen, and turned out to be a man-milliner.

On their arrival at London, Miss Roe declares that she could hardly wait to dress, so anxious was she to begin sight-seeing; so, after paying a shilling (English) to a man who put them in a cab, and ten shillings to the driver, and two shillings to the man who let them out, and three shillings to a man who showed them the hotel entrance for ladies, and a shilling to the waiter who showed them up stairs, and thirty shillings for getting their luggage, and two shillings to the chambermaid who opened the door, and four shillings to a man who unlocked their trunks, and five shillings to another who told them the way to St. Paul's, they sallied forth in a body to begin the great work of seeing London. [Miss Roe adds on this head: "You must not suppose that I mention these items of expense because papa grudged them; he is rich, and doesn't in the least mind money." To which we add, that we should be ashamed of ourselves if we were ignorant of the great fortune acquired by Jeremiah Roe, late president of the unfortunate railway from Stockville to Bondtown.] Our charming correspondent has given a couple of sketches of the sights seen by herself and friends in London. In the first, she says, the only distinct object was a ghostly horse's head, with a ghostly driver, holding a ghostly whip in his hand. A gentlemanly guide, who had agreed to accompany Mr. Roe on



THEY ENJOY A DELICIOUS SAIL DOWN THE RHINE.



NET RECOLLECTIONS OF THE JOURNEY.

his travels through London, for a paltry consideration of three dollars a day, remarked that the "kair was foggy," and proposed a visit to Paternoster Row. Miss Roe observes: "My heart leaped for joy at the idea of beholding the famous place which has given birth to so many immortal works; and as the fog cleared up and it began to rain, we hastened on and soon stopped at the entrance of the Row. Mr. Editor, words could not describe my feelings as I gazed at the "Row;" judge of it yourself. Are there such places any where in America? Theo, my brother, says it reminds him of the Five Points. Goodness gracious! Papa took us into the store of one of the great London publishers—I forget his name, but every body knows him—a dirty, dingy, mean little shop, like the small corner groceries in Avenue A or B. I assure you I was afraid of being in such a place. But papa said that was the English way of showing pride, and when a shabby little man ran against him as he was going out, he apologized in the most abject manner, and told us he believed that was Tennyson. We bought a fine copy of his works on the strength of it; and papa has been reading it ever since, though he thinks the story of Lady Godiva very improper."

It seems that this visit to "the Row" so fired Mr. Roe's imagination that he insisted on going to Evans's—the "Cider Cellar"—where he had learned that the great stars of literature congregate of an evening to exchange ideas and discuss the works of the day. His guide laughed a little when he proposed it; but falling in with our friend's humor, he accompanied him thither the very next evening. "Papa confessed that he never felt such awe as he did when he stood in that assemblage. There, in a blue shooting-coat, with a cigar in his mouth, and his back to the singers, stood a man whom the guide pointed out as Macaulay. Will you believe it?—he dropped his h's! These English are a strange people. At a table near by the guide showed papa Mr. Carlyle smoking a German pipe and drinking beer; he had a terrible beard. Opposite him was Thackeray, who had a pen behind his ear—as the guide says, maybe to note down the jokes he heard for *Punch*. Papa remarked that his nose seemed straighter and longer than when he had seen him in New York; but the guide answered, 'Oh! yes, e'd bin hoperated hupon, and is nose drawn hout.' At the same table sat Mr. Dickens, with a cigar in his mouth and a black eye, occasioned, according to the guide, by the brutality of another novelist, who was jealous. What a terrible business novel writing must be! Bulwer (who wears no beard, Mr. Editor, and who is no more like your portrait of him than I am) was eating pork chops at a table opposite; the guide said he always supped on pork chops when he had a terrible chapter to write, and 'most likely he was a goin' to bring out something slap-up in the next chapter of "What will he do with it?'" Papa was much struck with the simplicity and unceremoniousness of these great men. For instance, he heard Macaulay say to the singers, 'Come, boys, tip us a stave!' and one of them answered: 'What'll you stand, Mac?' The great historian said, 'Port;' but Dickens rising up from his seat, roared, 'Gin;' and a person whom the guide recognized as Lord John Russell, and who was smoking a long clay pipe, shouted, 'Give us "The girl with the blue dress on!"' Would you believe it? Papa says he never spent so instructive an evening, and was much annoyed by the behavior of his guide, who, even in the presence of these great men, could not refrain from sticking his tongue in his cheek and laughing immoderately.

"It would take me too long to describe to you all our adventures in London. We saw every thing, I believe; and, as papa remarked, he believed he paid money to nearly all of Queen Victoria's subjects, with the exception of a few of the aristocracy. Papa liked it well enough; he was frequently taken for a lord by the men about the hotel, and on these occasions always gave the man a crown."

On crossing to France, we are sorry to find that the amiable Roe family were subjected to much annoyance at the custom-house. Our fair correspondent's account of this matter is rather voluminous: suffice it to say that the *gensdarmes* and *douaniers* rifled the travelers' trunks in an impertinent manner; that old Mr. Roe, having ventured to remonstrate, was pinned to the wall by a blood-thirsty *gendarme*; that one rude fellow played practical jokes with one of Miss Roe's hoops, while others had the audacity to measure her clothes to see if they were really hers and not for sale, and one wretch actually insinuated that Mrs. Roe was not naturally a stout person, but had swelled her circumference with contraband goods! Our correspondent is naturally severe on these "monsters." We are gratified to learn that a voluminous correspondence has passed between Mr. Mason and the French authorities on the case, and that the whole armed force of this country will be exerted to obtain indemnity for the shameful wrongs endured by our countrywomen.

At Paris, Miss Roe informs us, the party saw the usual sights in the usual way. Unfortunately, having omitted to procure letters of introduction, and the national representatives being absent at the time, they would have seen nothing of French society but for the uncommon good fortune of meeting with a gentleman who moved in the first circles, but, being in reduced circumstances, was willing, for a consideration, to introduce Mr. Roe and family to some of his noble friends. In company with this gentleman they were present at a ball given by the Countess of Mabille. "It was a strange affair," says our fair contributor; "the dancing was in the open air, and as our friend the Count de la Flouerie informed us, the throng of uninvited persons was so great that the Countess was obliged to require all guests to give up their tickets at the gate, as we did. People danced in hats and bonnets; some of the ladies wore caps; and the men such strange patterns of trowsers. I should never have supposed this was good society; see what blunders people make who stay at home, and do not improve their minds by travel! The dancing, I must say, I did not admire; I enjoy a good dance, and hate a lazy walk through a figure, but the *écarts* of some of these Parisian people were amazing, and sometimes positively I had to turn away and hide a blush. They are so civil and kind, however. I was sitting down, and papa and the Count had moved to a little distance, when a very nice-looking man came up and said:

"'*Comment vas-tu, chérie?*'

"I suppose he said *tu* out of respect; I thanked him, and said I was very well.

"'*Veux-tu prendre quelque chose de chaud?*'

"At this moment the Count came up, looking rather angry; and after a look, which seemed to me to be scornful, the stranger went away without even asking me to dance. I heard him say, as he retired:

"'*Cré vilain! Elle a du chic, la petite, tout d'même!*'

"I suppose this was intended as a compliment."

We are compelled to omit several of our fair correspondent's sketches; we may give them hereafter; we have only room at present for a little sketch representing the ascent of the Drachenfels, during which Miss Roe made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Malvoisier of the Carabineers, who helped her up the mountain, and, we suspect, produced a more decided effect on our fair contributor's heart than she is willing to admit; and for a scene on the Rhine, showing how intensely the American party enjoyed the sail down that lovely river. "Papa and mamma," says the ardent Maria Juniata, "actually objected to the wet, and wanted to go below; but I made them sensible of the disgrace we should feel if, on our return to America, we were obliged to admit that we had seen nothing of the time-honored castles, and the glorious and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired ruins, and the noble cliffs which every body who is any body has gazed upon and gone into raptures about."

At the time our party left this country for Europe the stock of the Stockville and Bondtown Railway was selling at 103, and the newspapers said that it would command 110 within a month or two. While in London Mr. Roe had dined with the leading railway men of England, and consented, as a favor, after dinner, to let them have a few hundred shares at 104. Next morning he told his broker that he would give a thousand pounds to be clear of his bargain; that it was the wine that had done it. However, Mr. Roe is a man of his word, and he duly delivered the stock. He had calculated to return in three months; but a letter he received from New York, informing him that the stock had fallen to 95, cut off a month from his tour; he returned immediately; and, as all the world knows, the stock fell rapidly from 95 to 65, from 65 to 35, and so on downward, till at last it couldn't pay its interest, and broke altogether, at which luckless moment the President, Mr. Roe, was discovered to be a holder of twenty shares—total loss, poor man!

This little incidental narrative is necessary to explain the last sketch of Miss Roe, which represents the net results of the trip on the memories of herself and family. In the lady's own language, "Our brains were an *omnium-gatherum* of all the strange sights we had seen, and it was utterly impossible to disengage any single recollection that was not a palpable absurdity. When I tried to remember the Queen, whom we had seen in Windsor Park, I couldn't help associating her with some brigand-looking fellows we had seen in Tyrol, and the queer association grew on my disturbed fancy till I felt satisfied we had seen her Majesty drinking with them out of huge goblets. Papa—who has been much worried by certain stock matters which I don't understand—says that two visions haunted him at nights after our return: one was the Pope, whose toe he wouldn't kiss; the other the party given by the Countess of Mabille; but they were so confused—partly, papa thinks, owing to the Pope's connection with the scarlet woman, that he can not separate them, and finds himself fancying the Pope was at that very delightful but singular party. Mamma, again, is annoyed that she can not disentangle the Emperor Napoleon from a ballet-dancer whom she saw the next day; she sometimes fancies the two welded into an extraordinary being, with the head of the one and the feet of the other. Theo assures his mother that he is in equal confusion about the Norman girls and the Highlanders whom he saw in Scotland; he drank so much cider in the one place, and whisky in the other—the shocking boy—that he doesn't wonder at his mixing them up. We sometimes dream of seeing St. Paul's on the Alps, the *Great Eastern* on the top of the Drachenfels, the French war-steamers on the Boulevard, the Column Vendome in the Mediterranean, with a train of railway cars running up the Pyrenees. For my part, Mr. Editor, I will candidly confess to you that the only clear image I have of what I saw in Europe is the fine figure of"—[some words in the manuscript have been here rendered illegible.—Ed. *Harper's Weekly*]—"our friend, Lieutenant Malvoisier, of the Carabineers, who came to see us off when we started, and who, I think, is the handsomest and most gentlemanly, and altogether dearest man I ever met."

Here our fair correspondent's MS. ends; but as she is leaving again for Europe, we may shortly expect to hear from her again.

"UNCLE BEN."

Do you ever consider how wide a space in Life's affections is filled by flowers? Look upon the window-sills of tenement houses in great cities—look about the door-steps of mud cabins on new railroad lines—look at the idler leaning over the Battery rails with a rosebud drooping from his mouth, almost concealing with fragrance the odor of the tainted weed behind it—look at the scantily-clothed children peeping through the iron fences that separate them from the young grass in early spring; how their hungry eyes feed upon the tender green blades! Every where I see the innate love of Nature's bright gifts; but just now I think of one whose entire life was an offering to flowers—of an old negro called "Uncle Ben."

He lived in the village of T—— to water and trim his little garden, and in his old age died even at the feet of his beloved hollyhocks.

His skin was polished and brown like our grandmother's mahogany furniture, and his lips might have measured two inches either way, it mattered not which; but he looked kind and cheerful, so the children were always attracted to visit him, and were often repaid with gifts in the form of bunches of pinks or a big flaming peony.

The plot of ground in front of his little dwelling was rich and black, and what he planted there grew as luxuriantly as though cultivated in the "Garden of Eden." He was very proud of his sun-flowers and hollyhocks; their bright hues and vigorous growth made his heart shine.

It was often his custom to bring me a gaudy bouquet on pleasant summer mornings, and in exchange I gave him papers of sugar and ground coffee to enliven his spirit when his garden should fail. My little girls laughed at Uncle Ben's "nosegay," and always insisted that an earthen mug was the only suitable urn to hold such plebeian blossoms.

His labor of life had been the care of gentlemen's gardens; it being also a labor of love, he had fulfilled his mission faithfully, and his industry enabled him, in his tottering years, to recline upon his own bed of flowers.

Sitting in the twilight one evening, I recognized the approach of the old man from the soft odor of sweet fern. He had a habit of smoking it in his pipe. He came and leaned upon the gate, his white woolly head uncovered and the incense of the leaves rising and curling in smoky wreaths about it. He sighed, and I thought appeared ill.

"Does any thing ail you, Uncle Ben?"

"No, Miss Letty, nothing 'tickler, but you see I'se werry ole, and 'specks any day to jine Jerusalem's band."

"Oh no, no, Uncle, I trust you are hearty yet for many a year."

He puffed his pipe silently a moment and then said, "I'de take it kind if you'de jess look in my door now and den when you pass, and if I draps away on a sudden, you wont let de—" He did not finish his request, but I knew it well enough, and promised to care for his flowers.

Not many sunsets after that I went to see him in his garden, and carried some bulbs as a present. I opened the gate and saw him upon his knees among a bed of hollyhocks, as in the act of weeding. Receiving no reply to my friendly call, I went over to him. A bunch of marigolds, quite fresh, were in the button-hole of his check shirt. The bright little flowers were all that could claim life about Uncle Ben.

Hollyhocks and sun-flowers now bloom over his grave, nor am I the only one in the village who helps to keep them green and thrifty. I am simple enough to believe he still weeds his beds of flowers in the Gardens of the Blessed.

MAY'S LEGACY.

May 18th. I never kept a journal. I have lived such a quiet, uneventful life that I should have nothing to write save my own day-dreams and wild fancies; and why should I write them? It is far pleasanter to let them float lazily through my mind while I sit and sew, dropping my work into my lap occasionally, that my thoughts may run more easily without the interruption of my monotonous stitching, or to lie at night in a delightfully sleepy state, and have steal over me dreams—not those restless longing dreams which come to me in the bright sunlight of day, but quiet, pleasant fancies, mingling the quaintness of sleeping dreams with the more serious thinking of one awake.

To write down these would take away their charm, though it might be a relief when one was sad or in trouble. Of trouble I know little. My father many would call a poor man; but he has enough to support us comfortably, and we do what we can for ourselves. My mother—dear mother—I can not even write her name without stopping to kiss the word—is an invalid, and we do not let her work at all. Then there are May and little Bob, besides myself, who am oldest of the children. I am nineteen years old to-day, quite old, and for a long time have done almost all the sewing we need done. I can not let mother's thin, waxen fingers sew, and her pale face bend over work that I can do without the flush on my cheek and aching head it gives her. And May, dear, beautiful May! how can I let her stitch all her merriness away, and tire her lovely eyes over work she does not like? May is seventeen, and so beautiful! Her beauty is one thing I could always write about. I never saw any one so beautiful. She has such soft, brown hair, shining in the sunlight like gold, and it falls over her white neck and shoulders in heavy curls; and her eyes, they are sometimes blue and sometimes black, and, when they laugh, you laugh too, however sad your heart may be, and, when they weep, in your merriest mood the tears come to your eyes too, and you want to take her in your arms and soothe her like a little sorry child. Oh, I love her so, beautiful May! and she loves me dearly too, though she can not be proud of me as I am of her, for I am plain and quiet, bashful, and some say odd. I don't know about that; I have not seen much of the world, and can not judge; but I know I am very different from May, so, perhaps, I am odd. But I am nineteen to-day, and I am going to begin writing a kind of journal. I don't know why I do it, but it may amuse me through the summer when I am tired of sewing, as I shall be many a time, I know. I shall have little to write, unless father's rich friend, who, he says, is coming to visit us, make our life here more eventful.

May 25th. I have not written here in a week, for I have been very busy. Bob's last summer clothes had all to be looked up and altered, for he has grown so much this year, and there was my blue lawn to alter for May. It is almost new, and she looks so sweetly in it, I could not bear to wear it when she would be so charming in it. So I have had little time to myself, and now father tells me that Mr. Clifton, rich Mr. Clifton, will be here to-morrow, and I must be very busy preparing to receive him. He did a great favor for my father long ago, helped him when he was in trouble, and so we always feel grateful to him, though none of us, besides father, have ever seen him. He is very rich, and I am half afraid to have him come here to our poor home; but then he is quite old, and perhaps he won't mind our plain ways. May is quite wild with delight at the thought of something new to break up the monotony of our quiet life here, and she is now singing as merrily as a free forest bird, and as sweetly, too, as she sits on the door-step, her lap full of spring flowers, which she is tying into a nosegay for mother. The little blossoms nestle in her plump, white hands, as if they loved to feel her tiny fingers clasp them. Maybe they think they are yet in the wood where they grew, and that May's voice is the birds' music.

May 26th. How very tired I am to-night. I was up so early this morning, and at work. All day I have been running about, making the house tidy for Mr. Clifton's visit. May tried to help me, and has danced about me all day, but I don't think the dear child did much good, except in dressing our spare bed-room, where Mr. Clifton is to sleep, with flowers, and indeed she made that look sweetly. She loves the flowers, and they love her.

And when evening came I was so tired and dull, but May seemed bright as ever. We sat listening for the sound of carriage-wheels, and I was almost asleep over my sewing, while May, in father's lap, was talking merrily, when there was a tap at the door. Bob ran to open it, and a gentleman came in, whom father, putting May down from his lap, welcomed warmly as "dear Mr. Clifton." Then we were all introduced, and all had a kind pressure of his hand. I could see a surprised, admiring look in his eyes as May held out her little hand, and looked shyly up at him. I knew it would be so when he saw my beautiful darling in this poor, quiet place. He looked very kindly on me too, as I took his hat and placed a chair for him. He is not so old—not more than forty, I think—but he looks sad and care-worn. He and father and mother talked together all the evening, while the rest of us said little. Now they have all gone to bed, but I am too tired to go yet. May looks so sweetly now as she lies with her hair floating over the pillow, one white arm thrown above her head, while the long lashes lie motionless on her faintly flushed cheek. Dear May!

May 27th. I've been having a long talk with Mr. Clifton. I sat sewing in the little back parlor, and he came in and sat down by me, and I laid my work down. He placed it again in my lap, saying, "Don't stop your work, my child; I like to see you sew." So I stitched away while he talked to me, and asked me questions about my life here. May was racing about the garden with Bob, and I thought he would like to go to her; so I told him he need not stay by me—that I was never lonely. He loves May already, I know, and thinks her very beautiful. Who does not? I can not help dreaming a little now about his thinking so much of May as to make her his child, or give her part of his wealth. Dear child! I wish we could make her rich and dress her beautifully. While I talked of her, and of my love for her, to-day, Mr. Clifton listened with such a pleased smile, and did not seem to be at all tired of my talk till I asked him, "Did you ever see any one as beautiful as May?" He smiled such a sad smile, and said, "Yes, I have seen one more beautiful than little May." Then he was still a minute, and seemed thinking, with such a tired, heart-sick look on his face; and then he went away to his room. I like him very much, but he seems so sad. May must cheer him up. He can not be sad with such a merry darling as our May.

May 31st. Mr. Clifton is still here, and he is very kind to me. He sits by me every day while I am sewing, and talks and makes me talk, though he might have May to walk with him. This evening he asked me the name of a flower he had found in the woods, and when I stopped to think, he said, "Never mind; I do not care for the name—it is just as sweet without one." "But I do not like to forget," I said. "Not like to forget!" he cried. "Oh, child, help me to forget!" He said it so strangely and suddenly that I looked up at him almost frightened; but he smiled, and placing his hand on my head, said, "Don't look so startled, little one. I say strange things sometimes, but you like me, don't you?" And he said it as if he wanted me to; so I answered, quickly, "Yes, Mr. Clifton, I like you very much." Then he smiled that wonderfully sweet smile of his, placed his hand again on my head, and said, in a low voice, "Bless you, my child!"

Then he went away to his room again. I think I must be like some sister or friend of his who is dead, for he sometimes seems to like better to look at me than at May.

June 1st. Summer is here! I am so glad, for I love the summer months, and mother is always so much better when it is warm and sunshiny. She has been sitting out of doors, under the apple-tree, this afternoon, for a long time, while May flitted around her, filling her lap with flowers, and kissing and petting her; Bob lay on the grass, playing with the dog; I sewed; and Mr. Clifton read to us all. We passed such a pleasant afternoon, and were all surprised when father came home, and we knew it was time for tea. May ran to meet father—her fair curls blowing in the wind, and her sweet laugh ringing out. "Isn't she lovely?" I could not help saying, looking up at Mr. Clifton. Mother smiled and said, stooping to kiss me, "And this is a dear child too." "I am sure of it," Mr. Clifton said, earnestly. May does not fancy Mr. Clifton very much. She calls him "old and stupid;" I do not think he is either.

June 5th. It is so strange, so very strange and new that I can not realize it yet. Let me write it all down, and that will make it seem more real. Since I wrote last Mr. Clifton has been with me a great deal; has always sat by me when I was sewing, sometimes reading to me, then talking, or listening to the few words I said. Yesterday, just at twilight, we were sitting together, and as it grew dark he suddenly cried, "Bring a light—quick!—I want to see your face!" I did as he said, and he took the candle from my hand, and holding it near me, scanned my face closely. Then he seemed content; and putting away the light, said, "Forgive me, my child; but in the dusk you looked like one I do not like to remember, and I wished to see your face as it is, and as I love it." "It is not a beautiful face," I said. "No, thank God for that," he said, earnestly. "You are not beautiful and false. You would be true to one you loved, would you not?—say, little one." "Yes, I would—indeed I would, Mr. Clifton," I answered, solemnly, for he seemed so in earnest; and again, with that rare smile of his, he laid his hand on my head, but he did not speak. Then he went away to my father's room, and talked with him for a long time. This morning father sent for me to come to him in his room. I went, and found him there with mother. Then he told me that Mr. Clifton wished me to be his wife. I could scarcely think it true at first, but when I knew that it was so I was so startled and afraid that I could not speak. I suppose I turned pale or trembled, for father drew me to him, put his arm around me, and told me that I was to do just as I liked in the matter, but that Mr. Clifton loved me, and would try to make me happy. Then he told me how Mr. Clifton had once loved a very beautiful lady, and how she promised to be his wife, but was faithless, and left him, almost breaking his heart. I knew father would like me to be his dear friend's wife, and then—perhaps it was not right to think of it at this time, but I could not help it—I thought if Mr. Clifton were my husband I could make them all rich at home. Then I thought of the sad, lonely life he would lead if alone thinking of the beautiful false lady, and of how good it was in him to love me; and looking up in father's face, I said, "I will marry him, father." "My own child!" he said, and kissed me, with a glad, proud look in his eyes. Then I turned to mother, and I had to hide my face in her bosom and cry a little while. She looked lovingly, wistfully into my face as I turned to leave her, and said, "Do as your heart tells you, Ruth dear."

I left the room, and as I came down stairs met Mr. Clifton in the hall. He looked in my face a moment, then drew my hand through his arm and silently led me out to our old seat under the apple-tree. He made me sit down, and taking both my hands in his, looked long and earnestly into my face. Then he said in a low, tender voice, "Ruth, will you be my wife?" I looked into his face and answered, "I will;" and the words seemed to me as solemn and binding as any vow. He stooped and kissed my forehead, saying, "God bless you, my darling, my own Ruth!" Then he sat down by me and talked lovingly and kindly, told me how he would care for and cherish me, and how much, how very much, I was to him. So we sat there till the hot noon came on, he holding my hand in his and stroking it caressingly. I am happy, I think, and yet it is all so strange. I know that I love Mr. Clifton, and I am very glad that he loves me; but I am not good enough to be his wife. I will try, God helping me, to be more worthy of his love.

June 8th. I am becoming quite used to the thought of marrying Mr. Clifton. He is very good to me, and I think he loves me very much. He is anxious to have our marriage take place in August next, and then he will take me to his home—to our home. May, dear child, does not quite like this engagement. When I first told her of it, as we lay at night with arms around each other, she buried her face in my bosom and sobbed bitterly. "Dont go away, sister Ruth—dear Ruth, don't, don't." She cried, and I tried to soothe the darling with loving words, but she still sobbed. "Stay with me, sister, don't go away with that old, old man—you don't love him." "Why, May, what are you saying?" I cried; "I am sure I love him very much, and he is not old." But the dear child would not be comforted. She loves me so much.

Bob does not quite understand what being "engaged" is; but says he supposes it is something like being adopted, and he wonders why I don't call Mr. Clifton "father." Father seems so glad, and is kinder to me than ever now; and mother, dear mother, watches me all the time, and often whispers, "Are you quite, quite happy, Ruth?" And I always answer, "Very happy, mother." This evening I was sitting with Mr. Clifton, and he asked me, "Do you love me, little one?" "Indeed I love you," I said.

"But say it again and again, that you love me, and always will love me. Say it, little one." So I said it over to him, and each time he kissed my forehead and murmured loving words. Then he drew my head to his shoulder, and I let it rest there, till I feared it would weary him, and I said so. "No, no; it rests me, rests me," he said.

June 12th. I don't find much time to write in my journal now, I am so busy, for in August we are to be married, Mr. Clifton and I. He has told me to-day that his nephew, Harry Dalton, is to come here this week and board at the farm-house, half a mile from us. I must be kind to the boy, for I shall be his aunt soon, and I want him to love me.

Mr. Clifton is so kind, so very kind to me, and I am to be his wife—his wife!

How little I dreamed of that on the evening when he first came to us! I have dreamed so little of late, my dreaming days are over, I think. I need build no air-castles now, for I am safe and quiet in the love of the one who has chosen me to be his wife.

July 2d. How calm and quiet I was when I wrote those last lines. I remember how, when I laid down my pen, I sat and looked up at the peaceful stars, and thought of the peaceful life I was to lead with Mr. Clifton, and thanked God for making me so happy. O God, help me now! I have not dared to write here for many days, not dared to own to myself what I feared; but it is so dreary to keep this secret shut up in my heart, I must write it. I will write it out plainly just as it is. I can not dress it up to hide its terror.

I love Harry Dalton; love him as I never dreamed I could love till now. I, the promised wife of Mr. Clifton, love his nephew. God knows that when I promised to marry Mr. Clifton I thought I loved him as a wife should love her husband. I never thought that there was a love more intense, more earnest, which I might one day feel. I knew I loved him—as indeed I do now—and so I told him I would be his wife. And I will be, oh! yes, I will be his wife, but then it will not be as I thought it would. I should not, I shall not rest peacefully and happily in his love, and long for nothing more.

Oh, Harry, Harry, why did you come here! The quiet stars look down on me to-night as when I wrote the last record in my journal, but they bring no peace to my heart, my poor, aching, tired heart. Why, I am almost pitying myself. Well, there is no one else but God, and perhaps the angels and stars, to pity me.

July 9th. Another week of misery—Harry is here every day and almost all the time. To-day he and I walked together through the wood to meet May, who was at the Glen. It was a lovely afternoon, a dreamy summer's day, and the glad sunlight crept through the thick green of the trees to play about our heads. A little breeze was cooling my hot face and lifting Harry's curls, the birds were singing mad, wild songs of joy, but my heart was heavy and sad.

We were both very still and quiet. I could not talk, it tired me, and Harry, his beautiful face upturned to catch the breeze said little; a thought had been stealing over me for a day or two, and my mind was full of it now. I feared that Harry loved me, and I knew how much, much harder my trial would be if this were so, and yet I could not help being glad when I thought it was true. But now I know it—Harry loves me! While walking to-day we came to a fallen tree, and as I was about to step over it Harry lifted me over in his arms, then held me a moment looking down into my face with his eyes full of tender, longing love, and he said, "Ruth, do you really love my uncle?" I trembled—oh it was hard in him to try me so—but I answered firmly, "Yes, I love him." He put me away from him then and turned away, walked on alone for a few steps, his head bent low, his hands clasping each other tightly.

Then he turned to me again, and his face was calm, his voice firm as he said,

"I hope you will be very happy with him, Ruth, he loves you. If you are happy, I am content."

He walked on again silently till we met May, her face flushed with walking, her eyelids drooping, coming shyly toward us. She is always shy with Harry. I don't know how I could be so calm, but strength was given me, and I did not show him by word or look that my heart was all his. Harry, Harry, you must not know I love you—that is so hard. My heart, my heart!

July 16th, morning. It is all, all over; I will try to write it as it happened, but I can not think well to-night. I forget. There is such a terrible pain in my head, and I am so, so hot. To-day Harry rode over here as usual. May and I were sitting in the back parlor with Mr. Clifton when he came in. He asked us all to go with him to the Glen in search of strawberries. "May shall go," I said, "but I am too busy; will you go?" and I turned to Mr. Clifton. "No," he answered, smiling; "we will stay here and finish our book." So May went off with Harry, and I staid with Mr. Clifton, who read to me as I sewed. I could not listen; I forgot he was reading, and I dropped my work to look dreamily out of the window.

Looking up from his book Mr. Clifton said, "Ruth, am I keeping you here this pleasant day? Now run away after the young folks, I know you are longing to." "No, no," I said, laying my hand on his and looking up into his face; "indeed I had far rather stay here with you." He looked pleased, but said, "I wish you to go Ruth, it will do you good; I have letters to write in my room." So he turned away without heeding any thing I said. But before he left the room he stopped, and looking earnestly in my face said, "Bless you for your love, my child, it has made me very happy."

He went away, and I bowed my head upon my hands and cried; I moaned out, "God forgive me that my heart is not all yours, my kindest, best friend. But I can not love you as your promised wife should love. O God, help me!"

A hand was laid upon my shoulder; I raised my head, and Harry Dalton stood beside me. His face was very pale, his lips quivered as with strong emotion.

"Ruth, Ruth," he said, "I must speak to you, I heard what you just said, and now I feel that I am free to speak.

"Oh, Ruth, I need not tell you that I love you. You know that, and you know too why I have not told you of my love; but now when I have heard your own lips say that you do not love my uncle as a wife should love her husband, I may tell you all. Ruth, Ruth, you will not be his wife; you will love me now; tell me so, darling." His inexpressibly tender, loving voice thrilled me, but I was firm. "Harry," I said, "this must not be; you must not tell me of a love which I can never accept—I am the affianced wife of your uncle." "But you do not love him," he pleaded. "Hush, hush, let those words be as if I had never spoken them. I have promised to be Mr. Clifton's wife, and I will be true to him; God helping me, I will make him a faithful, loving wife."

"Ruth, this is cruel, for you love me—you can not hide it."

I started; then said, "Harry, who is cruel now?"

"Forgive me, Ruth, but I am almost mad. Tell me you love me; say it, darling," and then he poured forth such passionate words as would have frightened me one month ago; but now I understand them so well, and the only answer I could give him—him who had my whole, whole heart—was, "I can not marry you; I am to be Mr. Clifton's wife."

Then at last he said, "You do not love me; I know it now. Ah, I thought you did, and that helped me, but now I must go away from you forever; I can not see you his wife." He turned angrily away, but suddenly came back, took my hands in his, and drawing me to him, rained hot kisses on my brow, then in an instant was gone. He has just ridden from the door. "Harry, my own Harry, for you are mine—does not my love make you so?"

Evening. Just as I finished writing the last sentence the door of my room opened and May burst in. She ran to me, and, hiding her face in my lap, sobbed bitterly.

"May, May, what is it?" I cried, anxiously.

"Oh, Ruth, you have sent him away! He has gone, gone forever!"

"May, dear, what are you talking of?"

She only replied by moaning again and again, "Harry has gone, gone!" Then she suddenly looked up and said, "Why did you take his love from me, and then break his heart? You had your choice, why take mine?"

"Yours! May, May!" and I looked eagerly into her face, now covered with blushes; "do you love him? Tell me, do you love Harry Dalton?"

"Don't, don't," and she shrank from my quick questioning. "It hurts me to have you speak of it so. I have scarcely thought of it myself till now—don't talk of it. What do you know of such love as mine—you and cold Mr. Clifton?"

I could not help it; I cried out with a wailing cry, "Oh, May, I love Harry too. God help us both!"

She did not say one word, she understood it all, and creeping into my bosom she lay sobbing there where she always finds a resting-place. It was a strange sight—two sisters, two *rivals*, clinging to each other for comfort while mourning him they both loved.

July 17th. Trouble, more trouble! May is very sick. She was very hot and restless all night, and now a raging fever has seized her. She does not know any of us. I have watched by her all day, but she did not once smile on me. My poor darling—this terrible blow was too much for her.

Mr. Clifton is very kind. Harry has gone to his home, only telling his uncle that he found it necessary to leave immediately, and might not return.

July 22d. May, my own sweet May, how can I let you go? The doctor says she can never be well—that another day may take her from us. I have sent for Harry. I thought it might do her good to see him. I thought I might persuade him to give her the love I could not accept, and so make her well and happy, but I fear it is too late. He will be here to-night.

July 23d. She is dead—my own beautiful May; and the last act of her life showed her earnest love for me, her angel goodness. May, May, come back to me! How can I write of her dying? Last night Harry came; I met him at the door. He silently pressed my hand and followed me into the parlor.

"Is she yet alive?" he asked.

"Yes, but you can not see her; she is dying."

He bowed his head on his hands and wept, thinking, I know, of her bright young beauty which the sod would cover. I would have comforted him, though my heart was well-nigh breaking, but my father came suddenly into the room.

"Where is Mr. Clifton?" he asked, hurriedly. "May wishes to see him alone, and then we are all to go to her."

Harry ran to call his uncle. I sank upon my knees, for I knew my father meant we were to go to her for the last time. How long the minutes seemed till we were summoned!

The door opened at last, and Mr. Clifton came in. His face was deathly pale. He took my hand and said, "Ruth, God forgive you for breaking my heart." I saw it all. May had told him of my love for Harry. I could not speak, but he pressed his cold lips to my forehead and said, "You could not help it, but to be made so wretched twice in a lifetime is very hard—come to May." He led me to her room. Father and mother were there, little Bob, too, with his face buried in the bed-clothes trying to stifle his childish sobs. Harry stood near the door. May looked up as I entered and stretched out her wasted hands toward me. I fell sobbing on my knees at her bedside, clasping those thin hands to my bosom. "Don't cry so, Ruth, I want to talk to you," she began in her faint, sweet voice. "I have told Mr. Clifton that you do not love him as he would wish his wife to love him. You will forgive me, Ruth, for I am dying. Harry, will you come nearer?"

He came and knelt by my side. She went on: "Harry, Ruth loves you. Tell them the rest, Mr. Clifton, I can not talk." Mr. Clifton came forward and said, "May has told me, Ruth, what you should have let me know, but you thought to spare me pain. I can not claim you as a wife knowing this. Harry, my boy, take care of her," and placing our hands together he bowed his head and was still. Then May spoke again: "Thank you, dear Mr. Clifton. Let me kiss you. There, good-by! Harry, you will love Ruth and be kind to her. Mother!"

Those arms which had held her when a baby were about her now, and we were all very still as the mother and child whispered together their last loving words.

"Father, kiss your pet, May, once more. Don't be lonesome. You'll have me in heaven. Bob, dear little Bob, don't cry so. You are too young to shed such bitter tears. You'll find another playmate, and you won't miss me much. Now, Ruth, my sister Ruth," and she wound her arms about my neck, "you won't mourn so much now you've Harry; but you'll come to my home, and bring him too. Harry"—as he bent over her, a light came to her eye and brought a faint flush to her cheek. It was the last glimmer of earthly love; then it went out forever, and her face was calm and heavenly as an angel's. "Good-by, Harry, love Ruth." Her voice failed, and with my name on her lips she passed away.

May, I am so lonely without you!

August 24th. To-day I was to have married Mr. Clifton. Now he is far away. He forgave me, but his heart was so sore for having twice lost its love that he could not stay here. Harry and I are very happy. We have been this evening to May's grave, and as we stood by it, Harry thanked God for his goodness to us, and prayed that we might meet our May again.

I shall not write again in my journal. How little I dreamed, when beginning it, of what a record would be written on its then blank pages! The stars are looking down again on me, and they see a face paler and more care-worn than mine on my nineteenth birthday. But my heart has a happiness it did not hold then, and I turn to Harry, my own Harry, and leaning my head on his breast, look up at the stars and say, "She is above there, Harry; she who gave us to each other!" And then we talk of her till, through our tears, the stars seem angel faces and hers shines out among them.

FOUR SEASONS.

Parcus Deorum cultor, et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos.—HORACE.

WHEN Life was Spring our wants were small,
  The present hour the future scorning—
A beauteous partner at a ball,
  A place among her thoughts next morning;
No fears had we that she could lose
  The varied charms our fancy lent her,
Terpsichore was then our Muse,
  And Mr. Thomas Moore our Mentor.

Time passed till, though our wants were few,
  Hopes rose, but 'twas not hard to span 'em—
An opera-box, *paille* gloves, a new
  Rig out, or ten pounds more per annum;
When deeper aspirations came,
  We called in aid—Imagination,
And drew on Fancy for our Fame,
  And for our Love—upon Flirtation.

Grown more sagacious, by-and-by,
  The wants and hopes of Life advancing,
We learned to spell Love with an *i*,
  And dining took the *pas* of dancing;
We smiled at Fancy; pitied youth;
  In Power began Life's aims to centre;
Demurred at Faith; and doubted Truth;
  Till self became both Muse and Mentor.

Another Season served to prove
  Our false appraisement of Life's treasure,
We found in Trust, and Truth, and Love,
  The very corner-stones of Pleasure;
That youth of heart showed age of head;
  That gaining was less sweet than giving;
That we might live, and yet be dead
  To all the real joys of living.

Our dreams how shadowy and vain
  We've found; and turn back truer hearted,
With humbler quest to seek again
  The simple Faith in which we started;
And deeper read in Wisdom's page,
  Know now how we have been beguiled, who'd
Suppose the objects that engage
The hopes of youth—the aims of age
  Should find their end in second childhood.

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

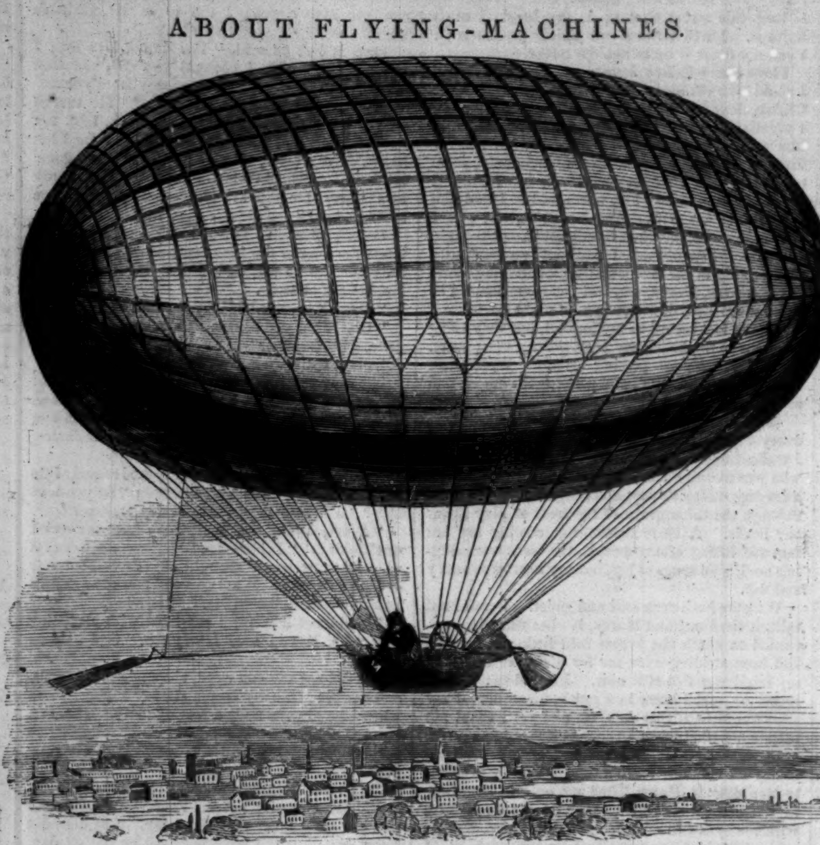
FAIR streamlet, running
  Where violets grow,
Under the elm-trees,
  Murmuring low;
Ripling gently
  Amid the grass;
I have a fancy,
  As I pass:
I have a fancy as I see
The trailing willows kissing thee;
As I behold the daisies pied,
The harebells nodding at thy side;
The sheep that feed upon thy brink,
The birds that stoop to thy wave to drink;
Thy blooms that tempt the bees to stray,
And all the life that tracks thy way:

I deem thou flowest
  Through grassy meads,
To show the beauty
  Of gentle deeds;
To show how happy
  The world might be,
If men, observant,
  Copied thee;
To show how small a stream may pour
Verdure and beauty on either shore;
To teach what humble men might do,
If their lives were pure and their hearts were true;
And what a wealth they might dispense,
In modest, calm beneficence;
Marking their course as thou dost thine,
By way-side flowers of love divine.

And, streamlet, rushing,
  With foam and spray,
Over the boulders
  In thy way;
Leaping and rolling
  From rock to cave,
A vast, impetuous,
  Onward wave:
I have a fancy as I mark
Thy fall o'er the precipices dark;
As I behold thy power reveal'd,
And hear thy voice like thunder peal'd;
I have a fancy as I sit
Under the rocks where thy rainbows flit,
And listen to thy roar and swell,
Sonorous, irresistible:

I deem thou leapest
  Adown the rocks,
To show how little
  Are Fortune's shocks
To him reliant,
  Who knows his strength,
And measures evil—
  Breadth and length:
I deem thou flowest to teach us still
That perseverance conquers ill;
That no obstruction, small or great,
Can daunt the soul that dares its fate;
That calm true hearts in peril's hour
Confront it with superior power.
Here at thy side I sit and dream
These fancies twain, sweet mountain stream.

ABOUT FLYING-MACHINES.



MR. CHARLES GREEN'S PROPOSED BALLOON.

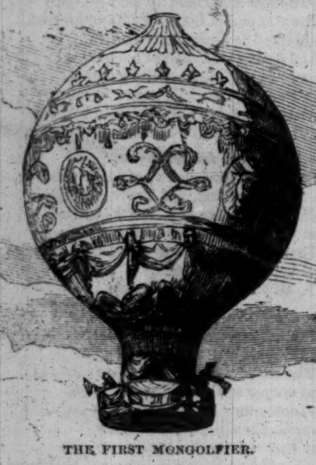
"It will be as common hereafter for a man to call for his wings, when about to make a journey, as it is now to call for his boots and spurs," said Bishop Wilkins nearly two hundred years ago.

The good Bishop's "hereafter" is yet, we suspect, some distance off in the future. It will scarcely do, however, in these days of Transatlantic Telegraphs, Darien Ship Canals, and California Railroads, to hint at the impossibility of any thing, even flying. Those good people in broadbrims and spectacles, who go about treading upon the coat-tails of Progress, and crying "Whoa! whoa!" have but an uncomfortable time of it, we suspect. The man who, nowadays, prates of impossibilities, is like to be considered a kind of Jonah, and cast overboard from the good ship *Young America*—to be swallowed by some great social whale, and finally spewed up on the barren shores of Fogy Land.

Let us forefend so dire a fate by a discreet silence upon the future of air-voyaging, and rather—balancing ourself upon that true modern editorial stand-point, the *fence*—glance for a little at what has already been accomplished in the way of flying-machines.

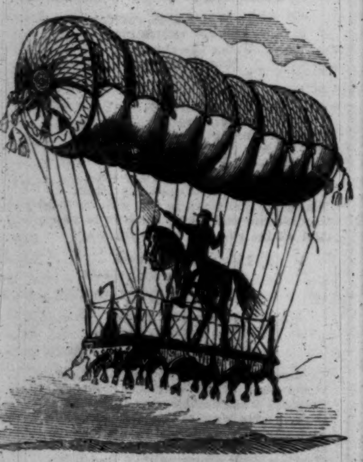
The power of floating at will in mid-air seems, in all ages, to have been much coveted. We read of many unsuccessful attempts at flying. Leaving out of consideration automaton figures, such as the wooden pigeon of Archytas, the philosopher of Taranto (B.C. 400), and the automaton eagle of Regiomontanus (A.D. 1520), which, it was said, flew to meet Charles V., and alighted on a banner held over his head, there are numerous examples of flying men. During the reign of Nero a man at Rome was able to ascend high in the air—by what means we are not informed. But the story runs that, having offended his evil genius, that personage suddenly forsook him on one of his flights, and caused the poor flyer to fall and break his neck.

Friar Bacon, who seems to have forethought almost every invention of our days, was very sanguine that a flying-machine would be constructed which could be navigated at the will of those within. He proposed large hollow globes of copper, extremely thin, "to be filled with ethereal air or liquid fire."



THE FIRST MONGOLFIER.

During the 16th century a number of persons in various parts of Europe pretended to the power of flying. A monk of Spain took to himself wings, and flew from a tower about the space of a furlong. Busbequius tells us of a Turk of Constantinople who could fly. A Venetian flew from the top of St. Mark's steeple. Another, a Nurembergian, made wings, and flew, but fell and broke his legs.

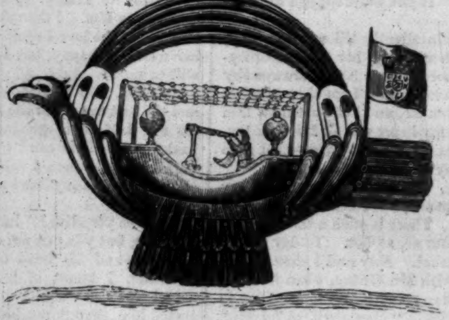


ASCENDING ON HORSEBACK.

The philosophers of the 15th and 16th centuries believed and taught that our atmosphere extended but a comparatively short distance above the earth. They thought that he who should succeed in rising above this atmospheric substratum would find himself riding easily upon a sort of buoyant ether, which would support without difficulty bodies of common weight.

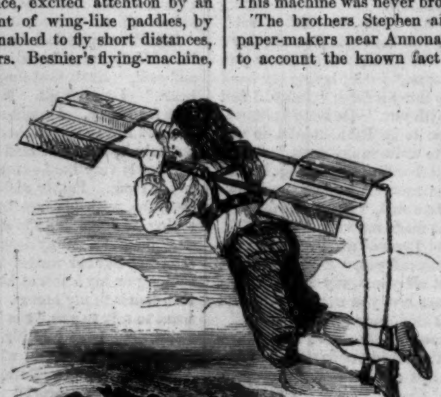
When the discovery of America was setting all Europe agape, and no traveler's tale of the new continent was too marvelous for credence, it was, for a time, pretty generally believed that the atmosphere of that far-off, mysterious land was of such buoyancy as to support without difficulty the bodies of men, and that flying through the air was a common accomplishment of its unsophisticated children.

With such mistaken ideas as to the nature and capabilities of the atmosphere, of course all efforts at using it as a medium for the conveyance of bodies were like to prove failures. It was not till the discovery of its true nature, in 1643, that some real approaches were made toward a solution of the mystery. Francis Lana, a Jesuit, shortly proposed a balloon, to consist of a boat to contain the aeronaut and his companions, as well as four hollow copper globes, which were to be *exhausted* of air, and must be made so thin as then to weigh less than an equal bulk of air. He forgot, however, that if the copper were reduced to a fitting thinness, it would not bear the external pressure of the atmosphere during the exhausting process. Lana's plan proved, of course, impracticable.



M. LAURENT'S BIRD-MACHINE.

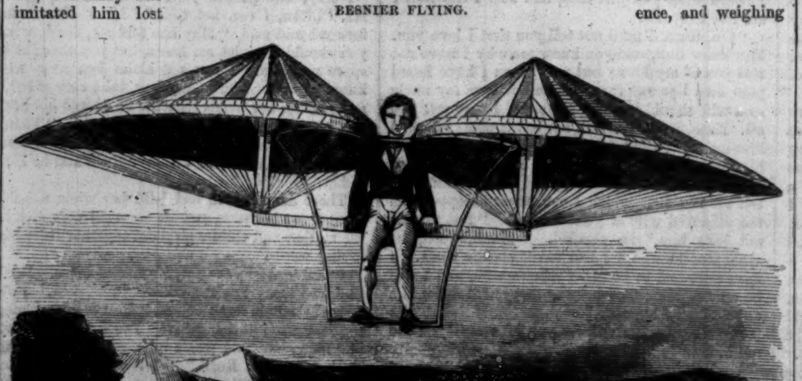
Eight years afterward (in 1678), Besnier, a locksmith of Sablé, France, excited attention by an ingenious arrangement of wing-like paddles, by aid of which he was enabled to fly short distances, and even to cross rivers. Besnier's flying-machine, a representation of which we give herewith, consisted, as the reader will perceive, of two horizontal poles fastened to the shoulders, and having small wing-like blades attached. The hinder end of each of these poles was fastened to the operator's foot in such manner that feet as well as hands guided and worked the machine. It is uncertain what success Besnier attained; but many who imitated him lost their lives. M. Bartholomew Laurent claimed, in 1709, to have invented a flying-machine, with which he professed to make quick progress through the air, conveying in it also passengers and goods. For this machine, a representation of which will be found on this page, Mr. Laurent received from the King of Portugal a grant of the professorship of mathematics in the University of Coimbra, a large pension, and an exclusive right to his machine, death being the penalty pronounced against all transgressors.



BESNIER FLYING.

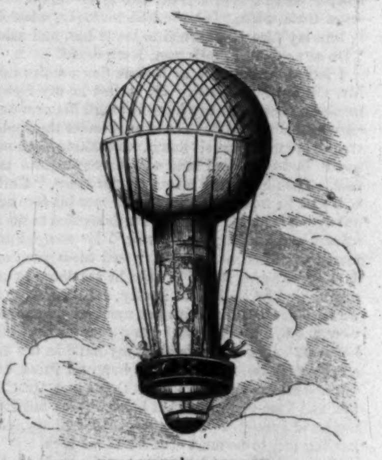
Barth. Laurent's plan seems to have been to make his machine as nearly bird-shaped as possible. The wind was to be projected thro' several tubes into a sail which was spread over the body, and which operated somewhat after the manner of a parachute. When there was no breeze, M. Laurent proposed to use large bellows. This machine was never brought to an actual trial.

The brothers Stephen and Joseph Mongolfier, paper-makers near Annonay, France, first turned to account the known fact that hot air is much lighter than cold. In November, 1782, they prepared a sack of light material, and filled it with air heated by means of burning paper. The sack was of the capacity of 548 cubic feet. It rose to the height of 800 feet, and finally descended upon a neighboring hill. The success of this first experiment encouraged them to repeat it. They prepared a balloon of linen, 35 feet in circumference, and weighing 450 pounds. It was sent up on June 5, 1783, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of Annonay. In nineteen minutes it attained a height of 7200 feet, and then, the air cooling, slowly descended. This balloon was burdened with a weight of 400 pounds. The air in it was rarefied by means of a straw fire, as shown in our illustration.



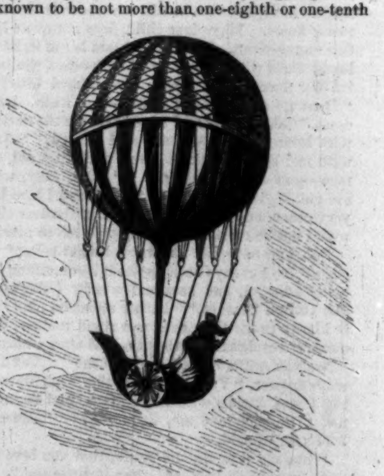
JACOB DEGEN'S FLYING-MACHINE.

By means of a peculiarly fitted stove, it became possible to use spirits of wine or alcohol as the heating substance, whereby the danger of setting fire to the balloon was much diminished. This gave the Mongolfiers a better shape, and made them safer than before. After a number of experiments, a balloon was sent up containing in a basket a sheep, a cock, and a duck. These were the first aeronauts of modern times. They returned to the earth uninjured. Thereupon M. Pilatre de Rosier, an adventurous Frenchman, volunteered himself to ascend with a balloon. He made several experimental ascents, in which the balloon was held fast to the earth by long ropes; and finally declared himself ready to go up without retarding rope. But the experiment was considered so hazardous that the Mongolfiers refused permission. The act was considered suicidal. The King offered to give over two criminals already condemned to death to make the trial attempt. De Rosier, who seems to have been an enthusiast and a man of courage, declared that a criminal ought not to have the honor of making the first aerial ascent. He prevailed, and at length, on November 21, 1783, in company with the Marquis D'Arlandes, made an independent ascent to the height of 3000 feet. The balloon several times caught fire; but by the activity of M. de Rosier it was finally brought safely to the ground, to the great joy of an anxious multitude. Among those who eagerly watched the fate of this initial effort was Franklin. When asked, "Of what use such balloons could be?" he is said to have answered characteristically, "It is a new-born child."



DE ROSIER'S BALLOON.

The experiments of the brothers Mongolfier had proved to the scientific world the possibility of aerial navigation. The heated air used in the Mongolfier balloons was found to be one-half lighter than common air; and hydrogen gas was known to be not more than one-eighth or one-tenth as heavy as common air. The advantage of filling a balloon with the lighter gas was evident. The French Academy of sciences took the matter in hand. The brothers Robert, ingenious mechanicians, were caused to put together a balloon, gas-tight, and Professor Charles manufactured the gas which filled it. It was sent up, April 27, 1783, and gave great satisfaction to the experimenters. A comical mishap attended its descent, which occurred near the little village of Gonnesse, ten miles northeast from Paris. The inhabitants hereabout had never heard of a balloon, and when they first caught sight of the descending machine, imagined it to be an evil spirit. The priest of the parish was called out to exorcise the devil; and, armed with crucifix and holy water, and followed by a scant train of the most daring spirits of the town, approached the unwieldy mass, which lay upon the ground rolling and tumbling about, as the gas within was agitated.



TESTU-BRISSY'S BALLOON.

To the command to depart in the name of the Cross and the Virgin the monster paid no heed, and, finally, the lookers-on conceived that it must be the moon which had fallen from the heavens. The heaving and tumbling continuing, one of the bravest of the farmers, committing his soul to the Virgin, advanced, pitchfork in hand, and gave the monster a violent stab, which caused the gas to rush out with a sharp noise, and the balloon to collapse. Hereupon the crowd took courage, and assailed it with sticks, stones, swords, and guns, till the innocent linen was rent into a thousand pieces.

The scientific world of France and England was now excited to the highest pitch—all thought the art of flying was already a fact, and that but few slight improvements were needed to render even a continued residence in the air a possible accomplishment. "Castles in the air" were built by all speculators interested in the new discovery. Balloon ascents soon grew common; and experience enabled aeronauts to materially modify and improve the shape of their balloons, and render less perilous their aerial voyages.

Among the chiefest improvements was the invention and application of the *parachute*, by means of which the descent of a balloon could be in some measure regulated, and the fatal consequences of its accidental destruction avoided.

When the parachute was first applied to balloons, it was thought to be possible safely to descend to the earth by its means, and without the supporting force of the balloon to break the descent. A Mr. Cocking, of London, lost his life by the ill success of an experimental descent with a parachute. Mr. Green, the noted aeronaut, of London, when about to make an ascent, was prevailed upon to attach to his balloon Mr. Cocking's parachute. The machine—strong and of considerable size—was suspended by a cord about fifteen feet below the car of the balloon. Ten feet below the parachute was its car, in which the adventurous Cocking determined to descend. He was repeatedly warned of the extreme danger of the experiment; but no warnings availed. The ascent was made on September 27, 1836. When the balloon had attained a height of 3500 feet, Mr. Green once more remonstrated with Cocking, and advised him to give up the independent descent. He declined to do so.

"I am in first-rate spirits, and would not give it up for any thing," were the last words Mr. Green heard. In the next moment he felt a shock, and then felt himself rising with extraordinary rapidity in the air. Mr. Cocking had himself cut the rope which held him to the balloon. The separation of so much weight caused the balloon to shoot upward till it reached an elevation of 7000 feet. The parachute meanwhile for a few moments kept upright; then, being caught in a current, was capsized (as shown in our engraving), and, no longer exposing a broad surface to the air, was precipitated, with the car and its unfortunate inmate, with fearful velocity to the earth. The body was recovered, but in a lamentably mangled condition. The descent of 3500 feet was made in only one minute and a half. The last sixty feet, it was estimated, occupied only a second of time—so greatly had the velocity of descent increased.

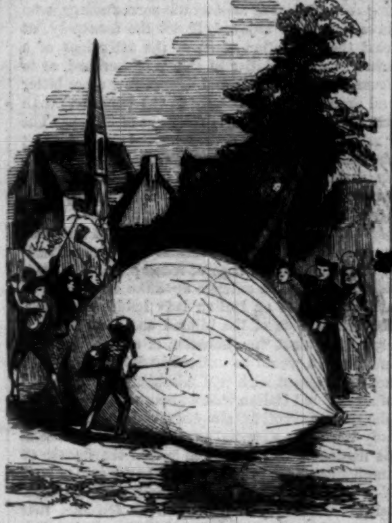
Mr. Blanchard, an Englishman, who made the first voyage across the British Channel from England to France, in January, 1784, had a balloon fitted not only with a parachute, but also with wings, intended to regulate its course and give it a certain speed in a certain direction. The wings did not, however, prove of use.

The ascending power was secured by the discoveries of Mongolfier, and the experiments of the French Academy. Now came divers experiments on the part of scientific men and practical aeronauts, all with the object of gaining such control over the motions of the balloon as to enable the aeronaut to direct it with certainty toward a particular object. M. Testu-Brissy, in 1790, constructed a balloon, the car of which was fitted with paddle-wheels, as shown in our illustration. Its success was so small that this plan was soon abandoned. Testu-Brissy was the first aeronaut who ascended on horseback. Emulous of distinction, he scorned to fasten the horse in any way. To the surprise of lookers-on, in no case did his horse even struggle. It is supposed that fright paralyzed his faculties.

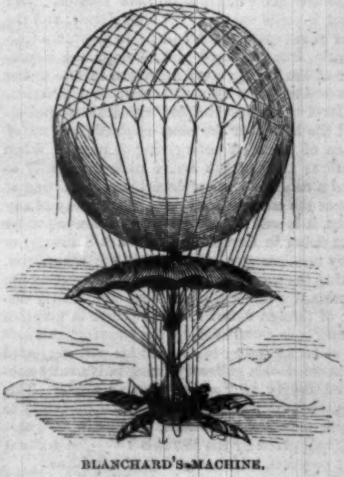
The Academy of Dijon, France, had a balloon constructed in which the sails were fitted to the body of the balloon, and worked by means of cranks in the car. This was also a failure, the wind proving too strong for the limited resisting-power of the sails.

Jacob Degen, watch-maker, of Vienna, actually accomplished, in 1808, the desired feat of flying. His machine, of which we give a representation, consisted of wings which he was enabled to fold and unfold by the action of his hands and feet. He succeeded in raising himself from the earth and floating along horizontally for some distance. But it was found that the exertion of body was too severe to make an extended and sustained flight possible.

The most remarkable of the by-no-means-few plans for flying-machines, developed since the beginning of the present century, is that of Petin, of Paris. He proposed to unite four huge balloons, each ninety feet in circumference, by a vast frame 450 feet long and 195 feet broad. In the centre of this frame were fixed four parachute-like contrivances, by means of which he hoped to steady the motions of the vast machine. There were besides various conveniences necessary for passengers. Before and behind were rigged sails, by means of which the machine was to be steered, Petin hoping to be able to lay a course even parallel with the direction of the prevailing wind. This machine seemed so perfect in every respect, that the inventor found no difficulty in obtaining the assistance of some capitalists of France. He has, however, not yet brought it to that degree of forwardness which admits of its being put in practical operation. We understand he is yet engaged in the prosecution of his leading idea, convinced that he will accomplish the grand desideratum in aeronautics—the power of guiding his machine safely toward any given point, regardless of the direction of the wind.

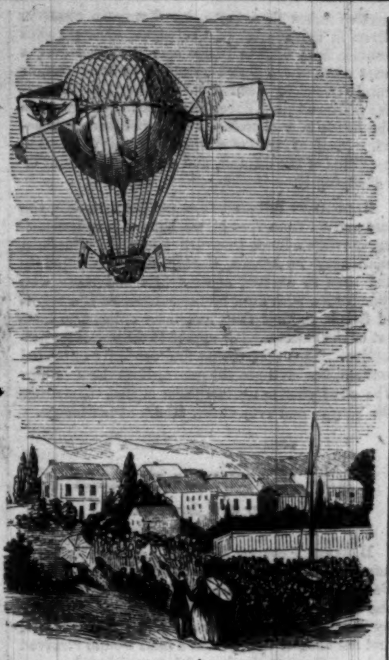

ATTACKING THE FALLEN MOON.

France appears to be at present the chief scene of experiments in the construction of flying-machines. A late number of the *Courier de Lyons* publishes in its advertising columns a woodcut representing a steamer supported in the air by two balloons, with the tempting inscription: "Persons desirous of taking shares in the above balloon, now constructing at Turin, may do so by applying to so and so, at Lyons. The said balloon will accomplish the journey from Turin to Paris in fourteen hours. Price of shares, 10 francs 55 centimes."

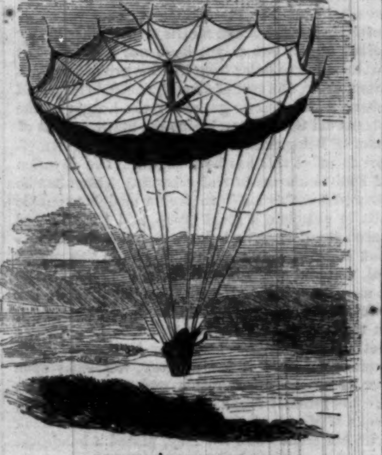

BLANCHARD'S MACHINE.

In July, 1843, Mr. John Wise, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, published in various papers a notice to the effect that, during the summer of 1844, he purposed crossing the Atlantic in a balloon of one hundred feet in diameter, and 25,000 pounds ascension power. This project has not yet been carried into effect—owing, we believe, to lack of means on Mr. Wise's part. He, however, hopes still to accomplish his object.

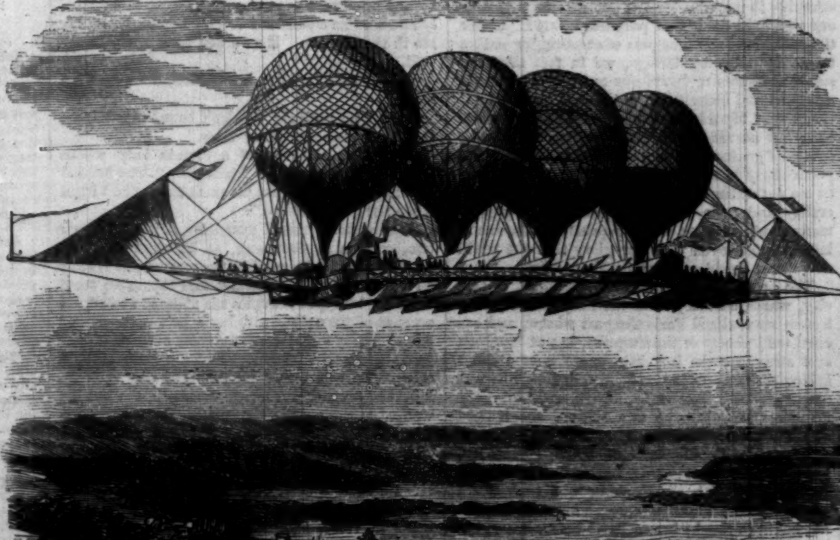
Within a few weeks Mr. Charles Green, son of the eminent aeronaut beforementioned, has developed a plan for an aeronautic exploration of the vast unknown interior of Australia. He proposes to use an aerial screw propeller, invented by a Mr. Taylor, attaching this to a very large balloon already fitted in London. It is to be hoped that he may succeed in enlisting the sympathies of moneyed men, as he seems to have those of various men of science, toward his adventurous project. Doubtless even a partial success in an undertaking of this kind would result in valuable contributions to knowledge.


THE ACADEMY'S BALLOON.

An Irish nobleman, Viscount Carlingford, has just patented an aerial machine, which he thinks will successfully fulfill all the necessary conditions of moving at will in any given direction through the air. A trial flight with this machine will shortly be made from the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England. The following description of the machine, communicated by the inventor and patentee himself, contains all the information we have as yet as to the motive power to be used:


COCKING'S MISFORTUNE.

"The aerial chariot in form is something in the shape of a boat, extremely light, with one wheel in front and two behind, having two wings slightly concave fixed to its sides, and sustained by laths of a half-hollow form pressing against them, and communicating their pressure through the body of the chariot from one wing to the other, and supported by cords whose force, acting on two hoops nearly of an oval shape, holds the wings firmly in their position, using a force that can not be less than ten tons, on the principle of corded musical instruments. The aerial chariot is provided with a tail that can be raised or lowered at pleasure, and which serves for giving an elevating or declining position, and worked by a cord that communicates into the interior of the chariot, which is drawn forward by an aerial screw of the perfect form of the screw propeller, and which screws into the air at an elevation of forty-five degrees, similar to the bird's wing, and is turned by means of a winch acting on three multiplying wheels."


PETIN'S GRAND FLYING-MACHINE.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

AMERICAN MISSIONS IN TURKEY.—The work of the American missionaries in Asiatic Turkey has been most successful; many churches of Protestants have been planted in various parts of Asia Minor and Syria. But still in the present practical bearings of facts, most important to us is this—viz., if the American missions in Turkey remain confined to Asia Minor and Constantinople, and there more particularly concentrated upon the American work, Turkey in Europe will be swept away by the two chief forms of idolatrous worship. They will take that part of Turkey, which, as the higher position, commands the rest, and secure those nations which must and will probably take the lead for ages to come, while the native Protestants will not only form a small minority, but also occupy that lower ground, which the enemy can sweep with perfect convenience. Turkey in Europe is inhabited by more than sixteen millions of the most industrious people of the empire, and must ultimately decide the destiny of the whole.

PROGRESS OF UNION AMONG PROTESTANTS.—For many years the good among Protestants every where, both ministers and laymen, have felt that the various Protestant Churches ought to find some common bond of union, so as to present one undivided body to the world. This feeling produced some years ago the Christian Alliance, and led the King of Prussia to use his influence and authority to unite the two national churches of his dominions. This movement for union has become wider and stronger, both in Europe and America. A deputation went recently from England to Berlin to have an interview with the King of Prussia on the subject of the approaching meeting of the Christian Alliance in his capital. This deputation returned, and, upon invitation, met with other ministers and Christian gentlemen in the palace at Lambeth, and made their report to the assembly, of which the *Archbishop of Canterbury* was president. He was supported by the Bishops of London, Ripon, St. David's, and Manchester, besides some Colonial bishops. The venerable president (the Archbishop) called upon a Bishop of the Church of England and a Wesleyan Minister to lead the devotions of the assembly, and extended the right hand of fellowship to the Presbyterian and the Baptist; and finally sealed the services by his benediction. This movement looks like the dawning of a better day.

THE POPULAR RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND continues to advance. The crowd at Exeter Hall, London, on Sunday evenings is immense. When the Hall is full the doors are closed, and the multitudes outside are addressed in the open air by some lay-preacher. This is a movement in the right direction, and is giving an impetus to the clergy of the Established Church throughout the Kingdom. The *Christian Times* says that Rev. John Knapp, of St. John's, Portsea, preached in the circus recently, which is now no longer used as a circus. Long before the hour of service the building was filled to its utmost capacity, and thousands found it impossible to get entrance. Many of these people had not been inside of a church for many years. A spirit of earnestness and devotion characterized the congregation. This movement is expanded into special services in churches in addition to extra services in unconsecrated buildings and in the open air.

TWO MOHAMMEDANS BAPTIZED IN ENGLAND.—Dr. Barth, the African traveler, brought with him from Africa two Mohammedans, who were baptized recently in St. Nicholas, Rochester, England.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM continues to advance in its material interests in England. In the pastoral address of Cardinal Archbishop Wiseman, he says that within the last twelve months no less than seven religious edifices have been opened in his diocese, and others are in course of building.

INTOLERANCE INCREASES IN AUSTRIA, as may be seen from the fact that the priests refuse to marry a Protestant lady to a Catholic without a dispensation from Rome; and the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna manifests great indignation and threatening toward the papers which express satisfaction at the defeat of the Charity Bill in the Belgian Chamber recently.

THE JEW BILL, introduced by Lord Palmerston into the House of Commons, admits the Jew to Parliament without any restriction whatever; so that a Jew might be even Prime Minister, and become the keeper of the conscience of the Queen, and appoint Christian bishops and other ministers of the Church. The Roman Catholic members complain of this and vote against the bill, because they are restricted in these and other respects, and they demand equality with the Jews.

EUROPE ACTING ON ASIA.—A few years ago one of our countrymen returning from the East, said: "The attention of the Western World is turned strongly to the East. Human influences, and the movements of Providence, have reversed the direction they had maintained for a thousand years, and are now returning from the New World to renovate the Old. Those indestructible principles of society, morality, and religion, which the

West received from the East, have produced their legitimate fruits in elevating young and barbarous nations to the highest state of civilization and power, and these now seek to repay the blessed boon, by redistributing those principles eastward for the renovation of the decrepit nations of the Old World!" The power of this movement from West to East is scarcely conceivable. It is political, commercial, social, and religious. This last is the most ardent and hopeful, and manifests itself in combined action of missionary societies, and in heroic efforts of individuals. Who can read the following, which we obtain from the *Friend of India*, a secular paper published in India, without emotions of admiration and hope?

> Early in 1851 it occurred to the Moravian community of Hernhutt that the Mongolian races had as yet been unvisited by missionaries. They resolved to remedy the deficiency, and the lot fell on two of the brethren, M. Pagell, of Stettin, and M. Heyde, of Middle Silesia. They accepted the duty "gladly;" and after a few months spent in diligent study of Mongolian, they arrived, *via* England, in Calcutta. In January, 1854, they had reached Kotgurh, whence they hoped, *via* Ladakh, to penetrate into Mongolia. There they remained twelve months, studying Thibetan, a language necessary not for their mission, but for their journey to the mission-field. They left Kotgurh in March, and by June had arrived, by Kallee, Lahol, and Sangskar, at Leh, the point beyond which the British Government is powerless. There they were informed that their next step lay through Radox, a Thibetan province, never traversed by Europeans. Permission to enter the territory was, of course, refused, but official difficulties do not retard Hernhutters. They pressed on, and it was not till stopped by force by the Chinese authorities that they returned, *via* Spiti and Runawur, to Kotgurh. There they awaited instructions from Hernhutt. The Society ordered them to remain, to acquire Thibetan perfectly, to translate the Scriptures into that tongue, and, if possible, hereafter to penetrate into Great Thibet. They settled, therefore, in Lahol, built a bungalow, and established schools. And there, at the top of the highest Himalayas, beyond all civilization, and almost beyond the ken of civilized men, the two Hernhutters remain, teaching, preaching, spreading every where at once education and the light of the Christian faith. Now and then a traveler struggles up to their mountain seat, and sees a dawning civilization beyond the range even of geographers. One such visitor has told us how he thought "with some emotion of those two Moravian missionaries who have pitched their tents in Lahol, and given themselves up to preaching the faith which they hold in regions where they may safely boast that they are 'not laboring in other men's line of things made ready to their hand.'" All missionaries may, as a rule, claim credit for readiness to go to unfrequented parts of the earth; and if this be praise, these good Moravians may be considered Missionaries of the Missionaries. They have taken up their station, are learning the language, something which we Hindostani talkers dream not of, and are quietly conciliating the people. Whatever may be their success in their particular object, it is impossible to think without interest of those two sentinels, posted in the extremest face of the civilized world. The great tide of European life and energy and knowledge which is ever flowing from the heart, the great Western capitals, is carried in a still diminishing stream to distant Asia; it travels up to the northwest; it trickles into the Himalaya Mountains; and here, in a wild region far beyond the most remote outlying European hill-station, beats its last faint pulse. In a small house in Lahol may be found European manners, the European face, Western learning, and the Christian religion. Leaving these behind, how many thousand miles might we proceed northward without finding the other end of the chain—before stumbling on the first Russian peasant who might claim, in some imperfect degree, to represent Europe?
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> It is a very simple story that, and, told in the German-English in which we have read it, it seems simpler still, yet we think it will be read by few without a thrill of sympathy. Our countrymen have, or were wont to have, some admiration for strong faith, for quiet, persistent energy, such as these men have shown. It is no light thing for two peasants, bred in the more than monkish seclusion of a Moravian village, to fling themselves, at the first call of duty, to the other end of the earth, take their lives in their hands, and carry into regions which even Englishmen have never traversed, tidings which will certainly bring them no earthly reward. One can hardly help contrasting the laborious effort of an examination committee to make their queries easy with the quiet missionaries who learned Thibetan as a mere incident of a journey, to enable them to ask their way into Mongolia. Nor is it a light thing that there are men still left to perform these tasks, and those men of a nation whom the bustling, self-governing Anglo-Saxon is apt to consider somewhat deficient in active energy.

In further illustration of this wonderful moral and religious movement from the West to the East, we cite a pamphlet published at Calcutta, which gives a very interesting account of the marvelous work of conversion that has been progressing among the Karens in Tennasserin and Pegu:

> These people were never known to have a separate language, or separate traditions, till the first inquirers sought instruction from Dr. Judson, the heroic and devoted American missionary to Burmah; but now they appear to the eye of the Church a large, distinct nation, divided into several tribes, with varying dialects, but all worshiping the Eternal God—all waiting for the promise of the fathers—a true Book of Revelation, which should be brought to them by the white man over the sea.
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> The first convert, Ko Tha Byu, "the Karen Apostle," was one to whom much had been forgiven, and who loved much. It was his meat and drink to do his Father's will; necessity was laid on him to preach the Gospel, and he went forth, warning every one night and day with tears, and proclaiming every where the one great truth on which his soul fed and was satisfied, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." He died, and his works followed him. Men flocked in, and the work spread. Devoted men and women gave their lives to the service of these brave and generous people, teaching all the way of God more perfectly; but the world knew little of these labors, and even the Church of Christ scarcely heard of them. Then came the last Burmese war, and Pegu was annexed to British India. New stations were opened. The white man went as a friend and brother to preach the knowledge of Christ and the forgiveness of sins, and the hearts of thousands were swayed and softened, and the incorruptible seed was sown in great numbers, to bring forth fruit to life eternal.

New Movement in Norway.—In Norway a great Free Church movement is extending over the whole country. The new Church, which calls herself the Free Apostolic Church, is organizing congregations in many places. The leader of the movement, Pastor Lammers, of Skien, near Laurvig, according to the *Protestant Church Gazette* of Berlin, left the State Church last year, because he was unsuccessful in his endeavors to restore private confession. His reasons for seceding are set forth in a pamphlet lately published under the title, "Defense of the Free Apostolic Church, and the Outlines of her Constitution." Taken between the two fires of Free Churchism and Romanism, the State Church begins at length to be aroused from her lethargy. The reasons of the numerous secessions from her are investigated by the Norwegian press; and we learn on this occasion that some portions of Norway are more destitute of preachers and churches than any other European country. Even in the district of Christiana, some parishes contain from 6000 to 12,000 men, scattered over a vast tract of land, and attended by only one, or rarely two clergymen. Consequently a great number of Norwegians never during all their lives see the inside of a church. The Legislature will occupy itself, at its next session, with this deplorable condition of the Church, and will devise means of remedying it.

Religious Persecution in Greece.—By the late arrival from Europe we have a very interesting correspondence from Dr. King, the American missionary in Athens, stating that the populace had been so excited against him and those who sympathize with him, by the calumnies of a bigoted Greek, as that they had been obliged to keep out of the street, and to appeal to the police for protection. This they do not find cordially extended to them, but civil process goes against them rather. The chief charge against them is that they revile the Virgin, and even throw stones at her image.

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Florence, *June* 29, 1857.

Messrs. Editors,—Most American tourists now visit, or should be induced to, the studio of Fedi of this city, whose colossal group of Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, as she is being carried off by Pyrrhus, her mother frantically clinging to her, and her brother dying from a fatal wound received in her defense at the feet of her ravisher, has won for this sculptor an European reputation. This group is the most ambitious attempt of the age; and although faulty somewhat through a wrong choice of time of action and exaggerated muscular development, is noble and daring in motive, full of lofty spirit, and in the modeling of Polyxena as she struggles in the arms of Pyrrhus, his action and expression of the feeling of the dying brother and the despair of Hecuba, remarkably fine, and far exceeding any thing I have seen attempted by any living American, English, or French sculptor. This and other works of Fedi's—particularly his fine statue of Andrea Cesalpino under the Ufizzi—stamp him as one of the masters of our time, while his earnestness, simplicity, and integrity of character, added to his unmistakable genius, win for him the sympathy and friendship of all who approach him. The Florentines are very proud of possessing an artist who recalls to them their balmy period of art, but as yet have not had sufficient public spirit to order from him his group to be put into marble, at a cost of about $20,000, to be placed where it deserves to go, under the Loggia of the Piazza del Gran Duca, beside the master-pieces of John of Bologna and Benvennito Cellini. An effort to effect this has been begun. The devotion of Fedi to his art is really heroic. Often has he gone without his meals to pay for models to enable him to complete a great group, and I have heard anecdotes of his artistic life which indicate a devotion and purity of motive very rare in this practical, material age, and exceedingly to his credit as a man and artist. He is still a young man, but lost his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, in the early part of his career, and with a fidelity not common in this longitude, has not only remained constant to her memory, but looks upon her as his daily inspiration and encouragement. He has recently found a good friend in the young Duke of Manchester, now here, who, being struck with his genius and modesty, placed a handsome sum of money at his disposal, to be repaid, whenever it was convenient to himself, in such work as he chose. This is the only right way of aiding real genius to develop itself; and if I read the signs aright in Fedi, it will be seen that he has but just commenced his upward course.

Castoli is another Italian sculptor of Florence worthy the visits of our travelers. His model of a group for America, in bronze, in the Pitti gallery, of Columbus giving a new continent to Europe, Asia, and Africa, is one of the finest works of art of this century, and richly deserves to be ordered by our national Government, to be executed in marble or bronze, for the Capital grounds at Washington. We have paid enough for bad and false art—why may not an appropriation be got for something worth having, which may operate as a stimulus to our own artists, and an instruction to our people in the higher purposes of art? Under the selfish and specious plea of encouraging native talent by tabooing foreign, we in fact take the surest measures to dwarf our own, or to render it arrogant and conceited. Art should know no nationality. My friendships are among our own artists; but no sentiment can blind me to the evidences of genius I see still existing in the Italians, particularly in sculpture, and which I would gladly see naturalized in America, with the same liberality and taste that made Venice welcome so many foreign artists, whose reputations became at last so interwoven with her glory that the world now never considers them as things apart.

The beautiful Countess of Castiglione, of this city, whose intimacy with the Emperor Napoleon has so scandalized Paris the past winter, and excited the jealousy of the Empress, has at last been sent away, for the impolitic exercise of a great failing of hers—an impertinent tongue. She was dancing at the Tuileries, and when opposite the Empress Eugenie, who was sitting, she tripped and fell, and, in her vexation, accused her rival of purposely tripping her up. This rudeness and her general exigent manner have caused her exile. Her position with the Emperor was such, for a while, that she wrote to reproach her mother with not having brought her to Paris before marrying her, as only by this lack of maternal prudence she had failed to become Empress of France. Her beauty is something marvelous, and seems fated to create trouble among crowned heads, for it is said she can not go back to Turin on account of the King of Sardinia.

In a smaller way, a certain American belle has greatly distinguished herself, of late, in a town not many miles from this, by a freedom of manner with married noblemen, or otherwise appropriated, so foreign to the ideas of propriety of European society in regard to young unmarried ladies, and especially so contrary to the happiness of some distinguished ladies of aristocratic surroundings, who have heretofore enjoyed, if not the monopoly, at least the reputation of it, of the attentions of a princely woman-killer of this neighborhood, as to cause a *piquant* gossip and tongue row more bitter and amusing (the last only to the outsiders) than any female rumpus since the days of Helen. The "relation" which had finally stood proof against the most inconstant of temperaments, and was always attractive enough to bring back the faithless wanderer to the feet of his adoring beauty, to receive her reproaches and her pardon, and to get courage to go and sin once more, has at last been ruptured through the seductions of a transatlantic fair one beyond all hope of redemption. In their despair at such an outrage upon the constancy, of all others, that an Italian lady holds most dear, the compatriots of the injured one have begun a crusade against the character of our country-woman, which would be extremely diverting were it not so pregnant with real mischief. The revenge of an angered Italian woman is so cool, systematic, plausible, inventive, eloquent, and insidious—so lady-like in its external repose—so serpent-like in its hidden venom, that woe betide the female of another race who provokes it. Let the case of Miss X—— be a warning to all indiscreet foreign damsels, because they may find, when too late, that they purchase the transitory triumphs of their foolish vanity at too dear a rate. A prince of royal lineage, fascinating manners, brilliant accomplishments, and the finest equipages in Europe, long time married, the habit-attached lover of one woman, and the unfaithful lover of others too numerous to mention, whose loftiest ambition lies in the real and apparent success of his gallantries—such a prince as may easily be conceived by all anxious mothers—can not bask, publicly and privately, at all hours, to the neglect of his former loves, in the smiles of the coolest and most "thus far shalt thou come and no farther" American girl, without damaging her reputation to a fearful extent. So it has proved in this case. A biography of the American beauty has been circulated, and, what is worse, made to be credited, that would not disparage the achievements of Lola Montes. Her mother is made out to be her confederate, and the sharer of her spoils and *honors!* In short, the foolish, vain, inexperienced girl, through the imprudence of the exaggerated American license to her years and sex, has reduced herself, in estimation, to a level of an unprincipled adventuress, and secured the hatred of the most implacable class of women of the most unforgiving of races. When so serious a result can arrive from apparently so trivial a cause as error of deportment or putting at defiance the conventional rules of propriety of any society, it is well for our country-women to ponder before doing in Europe as they do at Saratoga, or in any needless way offending the susceptibilities, exciting the animosity, or heedlessly attracting the attention, by baseless pretensions and vulgar display, of foreign coteries. The prince in question has long been considered, by the knowing, as a safe man so far as ability to do what his will suggested is concerned—his gallantry being universally considered simply as "*vox et præterea nihil.*" This fact gave an impudent lion here the opportunity to apply a most caustic remark to Miss X——, at a fancy ball given by the Marquis Y——, on account of her costume, which was that of a Sultana.

"Good-evening," said he to Miss X——; "I congratulate you on the appropriateness of your choice of character. It is perfect, even to the eunuch!"

The caustic wit of Italian mind is a fearful thing for the sufferer. A clever *bonmot*, however malicious, sticks closer than conscience. There is a fashionable titled booby, not far hence, who once having gone to the chase, brought back as his only game a donkey which he had inadvertently shot. Ever since he has gone by the *sobriquet* of Cainino—or Little Cain—because, as the wags will have it, he killed his brother!

The march of intellect among domestics in America is, we all know, peculiarly rapid; but my boy is not excelled, after his particular kind, by any hired man your way. He came to me lately and said he wished me to give them a better table in the kitchen. He worked hard solely to eat well.

"But," said I, "you have excellent wages besides."

"Yes," he replied; "I don't count my wages; they just serve me for my vices."

Again, in speaking of a certain lady whose tongue knows no rest, he remarked: "Jesu Maria! how Signora Q——'s tongue must thank the Virgin when she goes to sleep!"

While upon personal anecdotes, I will give you two, curious in their way, as illustrative of the eccentricities of the poetical temperament. Walter Savage Landor left Tuscany and separated from his wife, who still occupies his villa at Fiesoli, on account of quarreling with her over a *water-melon!* Alfred Tennyson also left Italy in a freak of disgust, because he could not find a certain kind of tobacco he was very fond of. The day after he left, his brother Frederick found just what he wanted at three cents the pound. But it was too late; the fit was upon him, and he would not return.

The most eccentric of all the poets who have resided here is Brinsley Sheridan Norton, grandson of Sheridan. His poetry is a sort of delirium tremens in verse, and his habits quite as erratic. Having borrowed a valuable book of a friend, after keeping it a long time, he was asked to return it.

"Ah! I am very sorry I can not—indeed I am. I did not read it—but I tore it up!" was his reply, which was literally true. His own books fare no better,

Cicerone.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

It is the opinion of most persons that joke-making is a very *amusing* occupation; but the necessity of being funny at a stated period, for a stipulated price, and for a certain time, has always had a melancholy and depressing effect upon the spirits of the practitioner. The anecdote of the Italian clown who was advised by his physician to go and witness his own performance as a cure for his low spirits is well known. A friend of ours, who dined with the Punch writers in London, last summer, said they were the most melancholy set of men he encountered in England.

NEW DEFINITION.

A Lady: a sensitive plant, that thrives only in the centre of a large crinoline fence. Rarely seen, excepting by the most practiced eye.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

Daughter. "Ma, dear, what is 'capillary attraction?'"

Mother. "Running, my pet, after a *heir* of $10,000 a year."

With what wonderful accuracy does *Young Norval* in the Scotch tragedy, in the account which he gives of his supposed parentage, indicate the character of a Yankee dealer! He describes his father as an individual "whose constant care was to increase his store."

A doctor returned a coat to a tailor because it did not fit him. The tailor seeing the doctor at the funeral of one of his patients, said, "Ah, doctor, you are a happy man!" "Why so?" asked the doctor. "Because," replied the tailor, "you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands."

At a recent examination of a bankrupt it was observed that he kept a great number of banking accounts. "I see," said the learned Commissioner, "that you have had six or seven bankers; what could you want so many for?" "To overdraw them, to be sure," was the frank and candid reply.

Can the pressure of the times be used as a propelling power?

When a man can not contain himself, is he too large or too small?

Do ships wear wigs after they have been scudding under bare poles?

Are oxen employed in what is called the bul-warks?

Of what style of architecture is the forecastle?

Does the gallows elevate mankind?

Why is a hungry boy, looking at the pudding in a cook-shop window, like a wild horse?

Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

Here follow two epitaphs, the originals of which may be found in the churchyard at East Hartford, Connecticut:

"Now she is dead and can not stir;
Her cheeks are like the faded rose;
Which of us next shall follow her,
The Lord Almighty only knows."

"Hark, she bids all her friends adieu;
An angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears."

This next is from Hebron, Connecticut, and is the lament of a "groom," whose bride died in two weeks after marriage:

"The greatest grief in all creation!
A wedding turned to lamentation!
A mourning groom in desperation!

Mr. Baker showed us an egg yesterday which was seven inches in circumference. Can any body beat this? Certainly; break the egg into a bowl, and beat it with a spoon.

"Wiggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?"

"The *chol*-era!" gasped Wiggins, with a spasmodic shudder.

Mr. Carrington, in his sprightly *Commissionaire*, has the following speculations on the supposed comet: "The comet may be called the Rev. Mr. ——, of the planetary system. It flies around erratically, flourishes its tail, draws crowds to look at it, kicks up considerable of a 'fuss, generally,' leaves a flash of light for a minute, and that's all. Like a free negro, it's only a loafer, has no place in the star company, and won't work as long as it can lie around loose, and live on air, or what it can pick up as it goes."

Different animals have different ways of accomplishing the same thing. A condor finding a large tortoise, stoops down to his sandy bed, seizes him, lifts him high in the air above a rock and lets him fall, and then picks out the meat at his leisure. An anaconda finding the same animal, slowly coils himself around him and crushes him to a jelly, like a great estate devoured by a chancery suit!

In this world of sin and vanity it is a pleasant fact that the mind will sometimes turn from "the busy cares of earth," and revert to former times, "when life was all a mellow dream." An Ohio poet lately visited the home of his childhood, and after seeing his parents, wended his way to the old church, which it seems was being torn down. The scene was too much for the poet, and, with a gush of anguish, he indited the following pathetic lines:

"Fairwell, old churtch
Of mi boihood; witnesser of kat
Tykisms and bakakes a leanink onto
Strate seats kausing me many a spank
ink at hoam for not sitting strate
To meeting—old church Good Bye!

Nothing great or worthy can be expected of him who, instead of considering what is right in itself, and what part it is fittest for one in his station to act, is only considering what the world will think or say of him; what sort of behavior will pass with the fairest show, and be most calculated to please the many. When a man has thus given up the independence of his mind, we can no longer reckon upon him in any thing. We can not tell how far he may be carried in vice. There is too much reason to dread that he will lie, dissemble, and betray; changing himself, without scruple, into every shape that will find favor among those whom he seeks to gain.

Among other follies, Beau Brummell had that of choosing to be always too late for dinner. Wherever he was invited, he liked to be waited for. He thought it was a proof of his fashion and consequence; and the higher the rank of his entertainer, the later was the arrival of this impudent parvenu. The Marquis of Abercorn had for some time submitted to this oft-repeated trial of his patience, but at length he would bear it no longer. Accordingly, one day, when he had invited Brummell to dine, he desired to have the dinner on the table punctually at the time appointed. The servants obeyed, and Brummell and the cheese arrived together. The wondering Beau was desired by the master of the house to sit down. He vouchsafed no apology for what had happened, but coolly said: "I hope Mr. B., cheese is not disagreeable to you?"

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor, of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?"

"'Cause he says if any body will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper."

At a concert recently at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Time Coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed: "Mister, couldn't you fix the *date?* Yes, that is what we want—just give us the date, Mister!"

A little boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him, "just to see what he would say," to give them one of his pets. One day he told a gentleman present he might have his colt, reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked:

"Why, Lacky, why didn't you give him the dog?"

"Say nothin', say nothin', mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him."

A story was recently told at a temperance meeting in New Hampshire. A stranger came up to a Washingtonian with the inquiry:

"Can you tell me where I can get any thing to drink?"

"Oh yes, follow me," was the reply.

The man followed him two or three streets when he began to be discouraged.

"How much farther must I go?"

"Only a few steps," said the Washingtonian; "there is the pump!" The man turned about and moved his boots.

A correspondent of the *Christian Reflector* writes: "A man by the name of Charles R. Parsons was baptized by me the first Sabbath in May last, who has had an impediment in his speech from the time of his earliest recollection. At the time of his conversion his tongue was loosed, and since that time he speaks easily and plainly. Before this conversion he stammered painfully, and could hardly make a verbal announcement of a simple errand; now he speaks fluently, both at home, at meeting, in prayer, and exhortation."

A wag was one day speaking of two of his acquaintances who had gone West, where the new-comers are usually attacked the first season with the ague. Said he: "Neither of those two men will be afflicted."

"Why not?" inquired a by-stander.

"Because," was the reply, "one of them is too lazy to shake, and the other won't shake unless he gets pay for it."

"Talking of conundrums," said Old Hurricane, stretching himself all over Social Hall, and sending out one of those mighty puffs of Havana smoke which had given him his name. "Can any of you tell me when a ship may be said to be in love?"

"I can tell—I can," snapped out Little Turtle. "It's when she wants to be manned."

"Just missed it," quoth Old Hurricane, "by a mile. Try again. Who speaks first?"

"I do," secondly answered Lemons. "It's when she wants a mate."

"Not correct," replies Hurricane. "The question is still open."

"When she's a ship of great size" (sighs), modestly propounded Mr. Smoothly.

"When she's *tender to a man of war*," said the Colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his boot.

"Every thing but correct," responded Hurricane.

"When she's struck back by a heavy swell," suggested Starlight.

"None as yet," said Hurricane. "Come, hurry along!"

"When she *makes much of a fast sailor*," cried Smashpipes.

Here there was a great groan, and Smashpipes was thrown out of the window. When peace was restored Old Hurricane "propelled" again.

"You might have said, 'When she hugs the wind,' or, 'When she runs down after a smack,' or, 'When she's after a consort,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is—when she's attached to a *buoy*."

As Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, was driving his one-horse cabriolet, dressed in the garb of a private citizen, he was accosted by a soldier, who, mistaking him for a man of the middle class, requested a seat in the vehicle.

"Willingly," replied the Emperor. "Jump in, comrade, for I'm in a hurry."

The soldier was soon seated alongside of the Emperor, and became very loquacious.

"Come, comrade," said he, slapping the Emperor familiarly on the back, "are you good at guessing?"

"Perhaps I am," said Joseph; "try me."

"Well, then, my boy, conjure up your wits, and tell me what I had for breakfast!"

"Sour-krout!"

"Come, none of that, comrade. Try it again."

"Perhaps a Westphalia ham," replied the Emperor, willing to humor his companion.

"Better than that," exclaimed the soldier.

"Sausages from Bologna, and Hockheimer from the Rhine."

"Better than that. D'ye give it up?"

"I do."

"Open your eyes and ears, then," said the soldier, bluntly. "I had a pheasant, by Jove, shot in the Emperor Joe's park. Ha, ha!"

When the exultation of the soldier had subsided, Joseph said, quietly,

"I want you to try your skill in guessing, comrade. See if you can name the rank I hold."

"You're a—no, hang it! you're not smart enough for a cornet."

"Better than that," said the Emperor.

"A lieutenant?"

"Better than that."

"A captain?"

"Better than that."

"A major?"

"Better than that."

"A general?"

"Better than that?"

The soldier was now fearfully agitated. He had doffed his hat, and sat bare-headed. He could scarcely articulate.

"Pardon me, your Excellency, you are field marshal?"

"Better than that," replied Joseph.

"Lord help me!" cried the soldier, "you're the Emperor!"

He threw himself out of the cabriolet, and knelt for pardon in the mud. The circumstances were not forgotten by either; the Emperor often laughed over it, and the soldier received a mark of favor which he could not forget.

A Mormon preacher at Southampton, England, said in his sermon lately, "Shall I tell you, my brethren, when the comet shall come and strike this earth? When Brigham Young chooses to say the word, then will the comet come and strike the earth."

The tomb of Franklin—if a plain flag-stone even with the earth can be so called—is concealed from public view by a venerable brick wall at the corner of Fifth and Mulberry streets, Philadelphia. The remains of the lightning-philosopher are deposited there, in the old burial-ground belonging to Christ Church. An appropriate monument has been accidentally reared above them in the shape of a telegraph post, and the lightning is at constant play over, if not under, the eye of the man who first chained it to the earth.

It is a curious thing, that the man, in all England, whose duty it is to know most about crime (Mayhew), has been heard to say, that he finds more and more to excuse in men, and thinks better of human nature, even after tracking it through its most perverse and intolerable courses. It is the man who has seen nothing of life who is intolerant of his fellow-men. Misanthropical people have, in most cases, been made misanthropes by hoping too much. But go on, thinking the best you can of mankind, working the most you can for them, never scolding them because they will not be wise in your way; and, even then, being sure that, think as gently and as lovingly as you can, you have dealt but a scant measure of tolerance to your fellow-men.

A good wife, according to Plutarch, should be as a looking-glass to represent her husband's face and passion; if he be pleasant, she should be merry; if he laugh, she should smile; if he look sad, she should participate in his sorrow, and bear part with him; and so should they continue in mutual love one toward another.

ON A LADY'S NECKLACE.

A vile coquette without a heart,
Of feeling not a speck,
Gets on a string all hearts she can,
And hangs them round her neck.

Under the heading of a "happy thought," the *Sierra* (California) *Citizen* says: "The rumored death of Dr. Kane, which came by the last steamer, proves too true. The adventurous navigator has embarked upon his last voyage. *He has found Sir John Franklin!*"

The Boston *Ledger* says: "There is a rich man in this liberal and open-hearted community, who can boast of being the most splendid specimen of meanness yet known. He employs a little boy as house-servant, who accidentally broke a side door-light while washing it. The light was of common window-glass, but the liberal, high-minded, and would-be aristocrat, ordered a glazier to put in a plate-glass, and made the poor boy pay for it! The cost of the glass was equal to a week and a half's wages, and the glass originally broke cost just one quarter that of the new one. How many souls of that size could dance on the point of a cambric needle?"

Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confined criminal?—Because he is *sea*-cured (secured).

There is only one bad wife in the world, and every crusty husband thinks that she has fallen to his lot.

"No one would take you to be what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman to a dandy, who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they can't see your ears."

A girl, on a visit to the city, and fresh from the woods and wilds, was one day asked "How she liked the country?" "Oh, ma'am," replied the girl, "I'd like the country very well if it was only in the city."

A woman called at a grocer's, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured out, and she put it in a gallon jug. She then asked for another quart to be put in the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gallon, and have done with it?" impatiently asked the grocer. "Och! bless yer little soul," answered Bridget, knowingly, "isn't it for two that I want it?"

Men are not attracted by highly accomplished women so much as by truly natural and artless women—women sufficiently well educated to be able to speak and write accurately, and sufficiently childish not to despise common things.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday Evening, July* 20, 1857.

The foreign import trade of the port was larger last week than was ever known, as appears from the following table:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending July 18, 1857	$10,130,640....	$962,814
Corresponding week, 1856	5,924,680....	1,976,582
Decrease		$1,013,768
Increase............	$4,205,960	

The heavy import of the week must be accounted for, of course, by the effect of the new tariff. The export of specie was small, slightly exceeding half a million from this port, and $305,000 from Boston. But for disbursements of over a million from the Sub-Treasury at this point, the loss to the Banks from duties and export would exceed two millions; as it is, it will probably fall short of one.

Money is still very easy, there being less demand than usual from trade and the street. Stocks are buoyant; somewhat higher prices rule this than last week, Michigan Southern opened to-day, and was held, firm. The demand for State securities and Railway bonds is small.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday Evening, July* 20, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets were not very freely supplied with Breadstuffs, especially Flour, which was in good request, and though prices fluctuated considerably, they closed a shade higher for desirable grades. Ordinary to extra State Flour $6 30 @ $6 80; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 25 @ $6 45; low to choice extra Western do. $6 60 @ $10 25; fancy to extra Genesee do. $6 85 @ $9 75; superfine to choice extra Canadian do. $6 40 @ $9 00; low mixed to choice extra Southern do. $7 60 @ $10 00; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 25 @ $6 00; Corn Meal, $4 00 @ $4 10 for Jersey, and $4 25 @ $4 30 for Brandywine, per barrel. Old Wheat was in moderate supply and demand at steady prices. White $1 75 @ $2 00; Red $1 40 @ $1 72½, per bushel. Choice lots of old were scarce, and needed by millers. New begins to arrive pretty freely from the South, and what has already appeared in this market was of an unusually good average quality. There have been several sales reported during the week of new Wheat, chiefly from Tenessee, at prices ranging from $2 05 @ $2 10 for White, and $1 98 @ $2 00 for Red, per bushel. The Wheat harvest will be completed throughout the country in the course of a few weeks, and from all sources we received confirmatory reports of the uncommonly rich promise of the crop. Corn has fluctuated considerably during the week; closing, however, with a slack demand, at lower and drooping prices. Most of the available stock is composed of Mixed Western. We quote: Mixed 83½ @ 85 c.; Yellow 87 @ 95 c.; White 90 c. @ $1 02; Rye $1 14 @ $1 16; Western Oats 63 @ 65 c.; State do. 58 @ 63 c.; Jersey do. 50 @ 63 c.; Southern do. 52 @ 58 c.; and Barley $1 45 @ $1 70, per bushel. Provisions were in better request, chiefly on speculation, and prices of the leading articles closed in favor of factors. We now quote: Mess Pork $23 75 @ $23 90; Prime Pork $19 25 @ $19 30; Repacked Western Mess Beef $16 00 @ $17 00, per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $28 00 @ $30 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $23 00 @ $23 50 per barrel; Bacon 11½ @ 13 c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 14½ @ 15 c.; New State Butter 16 @ 24 c.; Cheese 5 to 9½ c., per pound. Cotton was more sought after at advancing rates. Middling Uplands 14¾ @ 15 c.; do. Gulfs 15¼ @ 15½ c., per pound. Groceries were rather brisker, Coffee and Teas bringing firmer prices, while Sugars and Molasses were declining. We quote: Rio Coffee 9¾ @ 12 c.; Hyson Teas 38 @ 75 c.; Oolong do. 40 @ 75 c.; Crude Sugar, in hogsheads, 9 @ 11½ c.; do., in boxes, 10 @ 13½ c.; Stuart's Crushed Sugar 14½ c.; do. Ground do. 13½ c., per pound. Cuba Muscovado Molasses 50 @ 56 c.; New Orleans do. 70 c.; Cuba Honey 86 @ 87 c., in bond, and 97 c. @ $1 00, free, per gallon; Rice $4 00 @ $5 25 for inferior to prime, per 100 pounds. Hay was dull and heavy, closing at 65 @ 75 c. per 100 pounds. Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds were unaltered. Tobacco was actively sought after, especially Seed Leaf, at very full quotations. Wool was in moderate supply and fair request at old prices.

Freights lacked vigor. The engagements were limited, and rates were unaltered. For Liverpool—Cotton, 2s. 6d. @ 3s. per bale; Flour, 6d. @ 9d. per barrel; Grain, 3d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 9d. per tierce; Rosin, 4½d. @ 6d. per barrel; and Heavy Goods 7s. 6d. @ 12s. 6d. per ton. For other European ports proportionate quotations.

The Live Stock Market was depressed by a large excess of supplies over the requirements of purchasers. Prices, as a matter of course, fell off considerably, probably ten per cent. on the best animals, and much more than this on the poorer grades. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, were 4090 Beeves, 264 Milch Cows, 711 Veal Calves, 11,828 Sheep and Lambs, and 912 Swine, against 2744 Beeves, 253 Milch Cows, 715 Veal Calves, 10,447 Sheep and Lambs, and 1236 Swine the preceding week. Most of the fresh cattle were from Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky, New York, and Indiana. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 8 c. for the poorest, to 12½ c. for premium cattle, per pound—the general average having been 10¼ @ 10½ c. per pound. Full 600 Beeves were left over unsold last Wednesday evening, notwithstanding that many butchers bought in nearly double their usual supply. Milch Cows, with their calves at their sides, continued in very slack request, and were heavy in price. The range was from $20 00 for common, to $65 00 for extra, per head. Veal Calves continued in moderate supply and demand at former rates, viz., 5 @ 7½ c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were very abundant, and were cheaper, as well as active. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $2 00 @ $7 00 per head. Swine were scarce and salable, 6½ @ 7½ c. for live, and 8½ @ 9½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market is somewhat unsettled. Strawberries are out of season. Raspberries, Cherries, and Currants are plenty, and selling freely at reduced prices. Other varieties of fruit are not abundant, while the demand is limited, and prices are rather nominal. Vegetables are moderately active. Old are generally giving way to new; the latter are coming in in pretty liberal quantities, and are gradually falling within reach of the mass of consumers. No important change is discernible in other commodities.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$5 00	@	$6 00
Cherries, per pound	6	@	12
Gooseberries, per bushel.............	$2 50	@	$3 00
Raspberries, per 100 baskets........	$2 75	@	$3 50
Potatoes, old, per barrel.............	$2 50	@	$4 00
" new, per barrel	$3 75	@	$4 50
Onions, new, per dozen bunches.....	50	@	75
" per pound	1½	@	2
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches......	$3 00	@	$4 00
" " per barrel	$2 00	@	$2 50
Tomatoes, per basket	$2 00	@	$2 50
Lettuce, per hundred	$1 00	@	$1 25
Green Peas, per basket	50	@	62
White Beans, per bushel..............	$1 00	@	—
Radishes, per 100 bunches	75	@	$1 00
Squashes, new, per barrel	$1 75	@	$3 00
Watermelons, per 100	$30 00	@	$50 00
Beets, per 100 bunches,...............	$3 00	@	$3 50
Cucumbers, per barrel................	$2 50	@	$3 00
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	19
" State, per pound	16	@	24
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	16	@	18
Fowls, per pound.....................	20	@	22
Live Fowls, per pair	75	@	$1 00
Ducks, Domestic, per pair	$1 25	@	$1 50
" " per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	20
Geese, each..........................	$1 50	@	$1 75
Pigeons, wild, per dozen	$1 50	@	$2 25
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen............	$2 00	@	$2 50
Woodcock, per dozen	$3 00	@	—
Beef, per pound	8	@	13
Mutton, per pound	8	@	12½
Lamb, per pound......................	8½	@	12
Veal, per pound......................	8	@	10½
Pork, per pound......................	9	@	10

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